

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

### A SOLDIER DEAD!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

He died amid the red hot smoke of battle,  
Died, with the flag, blood purchased, in his hand;  
Died, with his white line shooting—"On to victory!"  
Cheering and urging on his bold command.  
Beneath a southern sky of softest azure,  
His grave-fellow comrades laid him down to rest.  
While muffled drum taps stirred the air of even,  
And the great sun hung low within the west;  
Laid him to sleep with the blood-reeking banner,  
So dearly won, shrouding his lifeless breast.

What need of sculptured urn, or mausoleum,  
To tell his virtues—consecrate his name?  
He perished for his country! Death all glowing!  
The proudest fate that's given man by Fame!  
A nation's tears are his—a nation mourns him—  
His monument shall outlast space and time!  
He was a soldier, shared a soldier's fortune,  
And yielded up his life in manhood's prime—  
Proud of the honor—proud to be selected  
To die a death so royally sublime!

A fair New England home is dear without him,  
Bright eyes are sad with weight of unshed tears;  
The memory of his lonely grave will darken  
The lives of kindred for these many years!  
But let them joy for their noble country  
They had this dear one for a sacrifice,  
He is not lost—the eyes of a great nation  
Have marked the lone spot where his mortal lies!

For, though recorded not on history's tablets,  
It is an epoch when a brave man dies!

Yes, leave him there; the wild and grand Atlantic  
Shall sing his dirges, now, and evermore!  
Shall daily chant his requiem, as the surges  
Beat up the curvings of the sandy shore.  
The strife and tumult of his life are ended,  
For him, the "charge," "advance," "a sortie,"  
are done!  
He'll face no more the hail of hostile cannon—  
The smoke of conflict darkens not his sun!  
He's sealed the walls, and gained the heavenly  
battions,  
Crowned by peace—his bloodless victory won!

## A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER,"  
"THE MYSTERY," "EAST  
LYNNE," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XIII.

MR. COX.

A gloomy winter's evening. Not that, reckoning by the seasons, it could be called winter yet; but it was getting on for it, and the night was dark and sloppy, and blowing and rainy. The wind was blowing down Daffodil's Delight, sending the fierce rain before it in showers, and the pools gleamed in the reflected light of the gas lamps, as way-layers splashed through them and stirred up their muddy waters.

The luxurious and comfortable in position—those at ease in the world, who could leave their orders to attentive tradespeople at their morning's leisure—had no necessity to be abroad on that inclement Saturday night.

Not so Daffodil's Delight; there was not much chance (taking it collectively) of a dinner for the morrow, at the best; but, unless they went abroad, there was none.

Down the street, to one particular corner shop, which had three gilt-colored balls hanging outside it, went the stream—chiefly females; not together, they mostly walked in units, and some of them at least, in a covert sort of manner, keeping in the shade of dead walls and of dark houses, as if not caring to be seen. Among the latter, stole one who appeared more especially tenacious of being recognized. She was a young woman, coming once, but pale and hollow-eyed now, her bones too sharp for her skin. She was well wrapped up against the weather, her cloth cloak warm, a fur round her neck, and india-rubber shoes. Choosing her time to approach the shop when the coast should be tolerably clear, she glanced cautiously in at the window and door, and entered.

Laying upon the counter a small parcel which she carried folded in a handkerchief, she displayed a card-board box to the sight of the shop's master, who came forward to attend to her. It contained a really handsome set of corals, fashioned like those worn in the days when our mothers were young; a necklace of six rows of small beads, with a gold snap made to imitate a rose, a large coral head set in it; a pair of gold earrings, with long pendant coral drops, and a large and handsome gold brooch, set likewise with corals.

"What, is it you, Miss Baxendale?" he exclaimed, his tone expressive of some surprise.

"It is indeed, Mr. Cox," replied Mary. "We all have to bend to these hard times. It's share and share alike in them. Will you please to look at these jewels?"

She tenderly drew aside the cotton which was over the trinkets—tenderly and reverently, almost as if a miniature live baby were lying there. Very precious were they to Mary. They were dear to her from associations; and she also believed them to be of great value.

The pawnbroker glanced at them slightly, carelessly lifting one of the earrings in his hand, to feel its weight. The brooch he honored with a closer inspection.

"What do you want upon them?" he asked.

"Nay," said Mary, "it is not for me to name a sum. What will you lend?"

"You are not accustomed to our business, or you would know that we like borrowers to mention their own ideas; and we give it if we can," he rejoined with ready words. "What do you ask?"

"If you would let me have four pounds upon them," began Mary, hesitatingly; but he snapped up the words.  
"Four pounds! Why, Miss Baxendale, you can't know what you are saying. The fashion of these coral things is over, and done with. They are worth next to nothing."

Mary's heart beat quicker.

"They are genuine, sir, if you'll please to look. The gold is real gold, and the coral is the best coral; my poor mother has told me so many a time. Her godmother was a lady, well-to-do in the world, and the things were a present from her."

"If they were not genuine, I'd not lend as many pence upon them," said the man. "With a little alteration the brooch might be made tolerably modern; otherwise their value would be no more than old gold. In selling them, I—"

"It will not come to that, Mr. Cox," interrupted Mary. "Please God spare me a little while—and, since the bad weather went out, I feel a bit stronger—I shall soon redeem them."

Mr. Cox looked at her thin face; he listened to her short breath; and he drew his own conclusions. There was a line of pity in his hard face, for he had long respected Mary Baxendale.

"By the way, the strike seems to be going on; there doesn't promise much for a speedy end to it," quoth he. "I never was so overdone with pledges."

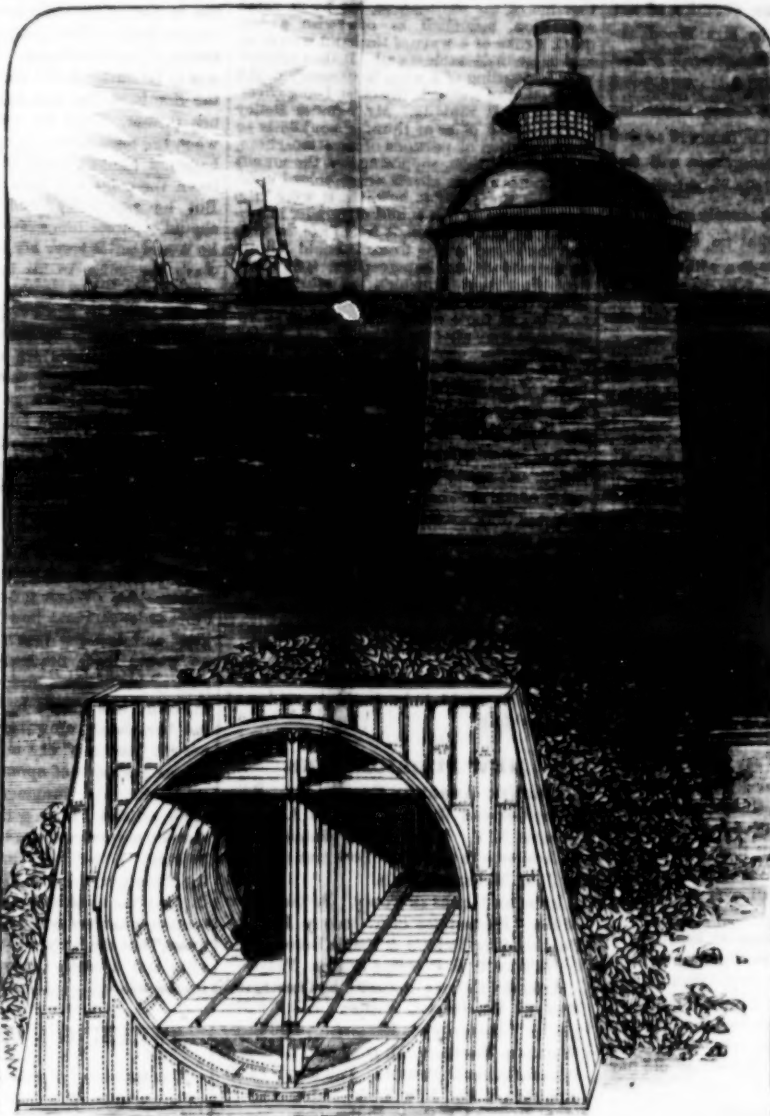
"My work does not depend upon that," said Mary. "Let me get up a little strength, and I shall have as much work as I can do. And I am paid well, Mr. Cox; I have a private connection. I am not like the poor seamstresses who make shirts for fourpence a-piece."

Mr. Cox made no immediate reply to this, and there was a pause. The open box lay before him. He took up the necklace and examined its clasp.

"I will lend you a sovereign upon them," she lifted her face pitifully, and the tears glistened in her eyes.

"It would be of no use to me," she whispered. "I want the money for a particular purpose, otherwise I should never have brought here these gifts of my mother's. She gave them to me the day I was eighteen, and I have religiously kept them from desecration."

Poor Mary! From desecration!



THE PROPOSED ENGLISH CHANNEL RAILWAY.

(SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.)

"I have heard her say what they cost; but I forgot now. I know it was over ten pounds. It is a set, you see."

"But the day for this fashion has gone by. To ask four pounds upon them was preposterous; and you would know it to be so, were you acquainted with the trade."

"Will you lend me two pounds, then?"

The tone was tremblingly eager, the face beseeching—a wan face, telling of the coming grave. Possibly the thought struck the pawnbroker, and awoke some humanity within him.

"I shall lose by it, I know, if it comes to a sale. I'd not do it for anybody else, Miss Baxendale."

He proceeded to write out the ticket, his thoughts running upon whether—if it did come to sale—he could not make three pounds by the brooch alone. As he was handing her the money, somebody rushed in, close to the spot occupied by Mary, and dashed down a large-sized paper parcel on the counter. She wore a black lace bonnet, which had once been white, frayed, and altogether the worse for wear, independent of its dirt. It was tilted on the back of her head, displaying a mass of hair in front, half gray, half black, and exceedingly in disorder, together with a red face. It was Mrs. Dunn.

"My patience me! if it's not Mary Baxendale! I thought you was too much of the lady to put your nose inside a pop-shop. Don't it go again the grain?" she ironically added, for she did not appear to be in the sweetest of tempers.

"It does indeed, Mrs. Dunn," was the girl's meek answer, as she took her money and departed.  
"Now, then, old Cox, just attend to me," began Mrs. Dunn. "I have brought something as you don't get offered every day."

Mr. Cox accustomed to the scant ceremony bestowed upon him by some of the ladies of Daffodil's Delight, took the speech with indifference, and gave his attention to the parcel, from which Mrs. Dunn was rapidly taking off the twine.

"What's this?—silk?" cried he, as a roll of dress-silk, brown, cross-barred with gold, came forth to view.

"Yes, it is silk; and there's fourteen yards of it; and I want thirty shillings upon it," he replied.

He took the silk between his fingers, feeling its substance, in his professionally indifferent and disparaging manner.

"Where did you get it from?" he asked.

"Where did I get it from?" retorted Mrs.

Dunn. "What's that to you? D'ye think I stole it?"

"How do I know?" returned he.

"You insolent fellow! Is it only to-day as you have known me, T. M. Cox? My name's Hannah Dunn; and I don't want you to testify to my honesty. I can hold up my head in Daffodil's Delight just as well as you can—perhaps a little better. Concern yourself with your own business. I want thirty shillings on that."

"It isn't worth thirty shillings in the shop, now," was the rejoinder.

"What?" shrieked Mrs. Dunn. "It cost three and fourpence halfpenny a yard, every yard of it, and there's fourteen of 'em, I tell you."

"I don't care if it cost six and fourpence halfpenny; it's not worth more than I say. I'll lend you ten shillings upon it, and I should lose then."

"Where do you expect to go when you die?" demanded Mrs. Dunn, in a tone that might be heard half the length of Daffodil's Delight. "I wouldn't tell such lies for the paltry sake of grinding folks down; no, not if you made me a duchess to-morrow for it."

"Here, take the silk off. I have not got time to bother; it's Saturday night."

He swept the parcel, silk, paper, and string towards her, and was turning away. She leaned over the counter and seized up in him. "You want a opposition in the place, that's what you want, Master Cox! You have been cock of the walk over Daffodil's Delight so long, that you think you can treat folks as if they was dirt. You be overdone with business, that's what you be; you're a making gold as fast as they makes it in Australia; we shall have you a setting up your tandem next. What'll you give me upon that silk?"

"I'd give you ten shillings, I have said so. You may take it or not, it's at your own option."

More contending; but the pawnbroker was firm, and Mrs. Dunn was forced to accept the offer, or else take away her silk.

"How long is this strike going to last?" he asked, as he made out the duplicate. The words excited the irascibility of Mrs. Dunn.

"Strike!" she uttered, in a flaming passion. "Who dare's to call it a strike? It's not a strike; it's a lock-out."

"Lock out, then. The two things come to the same, don't they? Is there a chance of its coming to an end?"

"No, they don't come to the same," shrieked Mrs. Dunn. "A strike's what it is—a strike; a set of noble independence which the

British workman may be proud on. A lock-out is a nasty, mean, overbearing tyranny on the part of the masters. I hope the men'll hold out for ever, I do! I hope the masters'll be drove, every soul of 'em, into the dust and dregs of the bankruptcy court; I hope their sticks and stones'll be sold up, down to their children's cradles."

"There, that's enough," interposed the pawnbroker, as he handed her what he had to give. "You'll be collecting a crowd round the door, if you go on like that. Here's somebody else, waiting for your place."

It was Mrs. Cheek, an especial friend of the lady's now being dismissed. Mrs. Cheek was carefully carrying a basket which contained various chimney ornaments—pretty enough in their places, but not of much value. The pawnbroker, after some haggling, not so temperately carried on as the bargain just concluded, advanced six shillings on them.

"I had wanted twelve," she said; "and I can't do with less."

"I am willing to lend it," returned he, "if you bring goods according."

"I have stripped the place of almost all the right things as can be spared," said Mrs. Cheek. "One doesn't care to begin upon the heavy furniture and the necessities."

"Is there no chance of the present state of affairs coming to an end?" inquired Mr. Cox, putting the same question to which he had not got an answer from Mrs. Dunn. "The men can go back to work if they like; the masters' yards are open again."

"Open!" returned Mrs. Cheek, in a guttural tone, as she threw back her head in disdain. "They have been open some time, if you call that opening 'em. If a man likes to go as a sneaking coward, and work upon the terms offered now, knocking down to the masters, and putting his hand to their beastly old odious document, severing himself from the Union, he can do it. It ain't many of our men as you'll find do that dirty work. If my husband was to attempt it, I'd be ready to skin him alive."

"But the men have gone back in some parts of the metropolis."

"Men, do you call 'em? A few may; one black sheep out of a flock. They ain't men, they are half-castes. Let them look to their selves," concluded Mrs. Cheek, significantly, as she quitted the shop.

At the butcher's stall, a few paces further, she came up to Mrs. Dunn, who was standing in the glare of the blazing torch-light, in the incessant noise of the "Buy, buy, buy!"

"What'll you buy?" Not less than a dozen

more women were congregating there, elbowing each other, as they turned over the scraps of meat set out for sale in small heaps—expensive the lot, a shilling the lot, according to quality and quantity. In the prosperous time when their husbands were in full work, these ladies had scornfully disdained such heaps on a Saturday night; they were wont to buy a good joint for the Sunday's dinner.

One of the women nudged another in her vicinity, directing her attention to the inside of the shop.

"Just twig Mother Shuck; she's a being served, I hope!"

"Mother Shuck," Slippery Sam's better half, was making her purchases, in the agreeable confidence of possessing money to pay for them—liver and bacon for the present evening's supper, and a breast of veal, to be served with savory herbs, for the morrow's dinner. In the old times, while the throng of women now outside had been able to make the same or similar purchases, she had hovered without like a hungry hyena, hanging over the cheap portions with covetous eyes and fingers, as many another poor wife had done, whose husband could not or would not work. Times were changed.

"I can't afford nothing, hardly, I can't," grumbled Mrs. Cheek. "What's the good of six shilling for a Saturday night, when everything's wanted, from the rent down to a potato? The young 'uns have got their bare feet upon the boards, as may be said, for their shoes be without toes and heels; and who is to get 'em others? I wish that Cox was a bit juster. He's a getting rich upon our spoils. Six shilling for that lot as I took him in!"

"I wish he was smothered!" struck in Mrs. Dunn. "He took and asked me if I'd stole the silk. It was that lovely silk, you know, as I was fool enough to go and choose, the week of the strike, on the strength of the good time a coming. We have had something else to do since, instead of making up silk gowns."

"The good time ain't come yet," said Mrs. Cheek, shortly. "I wish the old 'uns was back again, if we could get 'em without stooping to the masters."

"It was at the shop where Mary Ann and Jemimar deals, when they has to get in things for their customers' work," resumed Mrs. Dunn, continuing the subject of the silk. "I shouldn't have had credit at any other place. Fourteen yards I bought of it, and three-and-fourpence halfpenny I gave for every yard of it; I did, I protest to you, Eliza Cheek; and that swindling old screw had the conscience to offer me ten shillings."

"Is the silk paid for?"

"Paid for?" wrathfully repeated Mrs. Dunn. "Has it been a time to pay for silk gowns when our husbands be under a lock-out? Of course it's not paid for, and the shop's a beginning to bother for it; but they'll be none the nearer getting it. I say, master, what'll you weigh in these fag ends of mutton and beef at the two together?"

It will be readily understood, from the above conversation and signs, that several weeks had elapsed since the commencement of the lock-out. The roast goose and the boiled salmon had not come yet. The masters' shops were open—open to any one who would go to work in them, provided they renounced all connection with the Trades' Unions. Daffodil's Delight would not have this at any price, and they held out. The worst aspect in the affair—I mean the interest of the men—was, that strange workmen were assembling from different parts of the country, accepting the work which they refused. Of course this feature in the dispute was most bitter to the men; they lavished their abuse upon the masters for employing strange hands, and they would have been glad to lavish something worse than abuse upon the hands themselves. One of the masters compared them to the fable of the dog in the manger; they would not take the work, and they would not let (by their good will) anybody else take it. Incessant agitation was maintained. The workmen were in a sufficiently excited state, as it was, and, to help on that which need not have been helped, the agents of the Trades' Union kept the ball rolling—an incendiary ball, urging obstinacy and spreading discontent. But this history has not so much to do with the political phases of the unhappy dispute, as with its social effects.

As Mary Baxendale was returning home from the pawnbroker's, she passed Mrs. Darby, who was standing at her own door, looking at the weather. "Mary, girl," was the salutation, "this is not a night for you to be abroad."

"I was obliged to go," was the reply. "How are the children?"

"Come in and see them," said Mrs. Darby. She led the way into a back room, which, at the first glance, seemed to be covered with mattresses and children. A large family had Robert Darby—indeed, it was a complaint prevalent in Daffodil's Delight. They were of various ages, these, lying on the mattresses, six of them, were from four to twelve years. The elder ones were not at home.



The room had a close, unhealthy smell, which struck especially on the senses of Mary, rendered sensitive from illness.

"What have you got them all in this room for?" she exclaimed, in the impulse of the moment.

"I have given up the rooms above," was Mrs. Darby's reply.

"But—when the children were ill—was it a time to give up rooms?" debated Mary.

"No," replied Mrs. Darby, who spoke as if she were heart-broken, in a sad, subdued tone, the very reverse of Madame's usual cheer. "But how could we keep on the top rooms when we had not got the rent? I spoke to the landlord, and he is letting the back rent stand a bit, not to sell us up, and I gave up to him the two top rooms, and we all sleep in here together."

"I wish the men would go back to work," said Mary, with a sigh.

"Mary, my heart's just falling within me," wailed Mrs. Darby. "Here's winter coming on, and all of them out of work. If it were not for my daughter, who is in service, and brings us her wages as she gets them, I believe we should just have starved. I could get medicine for the children, though we go without bread."

"It is not medicine they want—it is nourishment," said Mary.

"It is both. Nourishment would have done when they were first ailing, but now that it has turned to low fever they must have medicine, or it will grow into typhus. It's bark they have to take, and it costs—"

"Mother! mother!" struck up a plaintive voice, that of the eldest of the children lying there, "I want more of that nice drink!"

"I have not got it, Willy. You know that you had it all. Mrs. Quale brought me round a pot of black currant jelly," she explained to Mary, "and I poured boiling water on it to make drink. Their little parched throats do so relish it, poor things."

Mary knelt on the floor, and put her hand on the child's moist brow. He was a pretty boy—fair and delicate, with light curls falling round his face. A gentle, thoughtful boy he had ever been, but less healthy than some.

"You are thirsty, Willy?"

He opened his heavy eyelids, and the large round blue eyes glistened with fever, as they were lifted to see who spoke. "How do you do, Mary?" he meekly said. "Yes, I am so thirsty. Mother says perhaps she should have a sixpence to-night to buy a pot of Jelly like Mrs. Quale's."

Mrs. Darby colored slightly. She thought Mary must reflect on the extravagance implied. Sixpence for jelly, when they were wanting money for a loaf!

"I did say it to him," she whispered as she was quitting the room with Mary. "I thought I might spare a sixpence out of what Darby got from the society. But I can't; I can't. There's so many things we cannot do without, unless we just give up, and lie down and don't even try at keeping body and soul together. Rent, and coals, and candles, and soap, and we must eat something. Darby, too, of course he wants a trifle for beer and tobacco. Mary, I say I am just heart-faint. If the poor boy should die, it'll be upon my heart for ever, that the drink he craved for in his last ill-ness couldn't be got for him."

"Does he crave for it?"

"Nothing was ever like it. All day long it has been his sad, pitiful cry. 'Have you got the jelly yet, mother? Oh mother, if I could but have the drink!'"

As Mary went through the front room Robert Darby was in it then. His chin rested on his hands, his elbows were on the table, altogether he looked very down-hearted.

"I have been up to see, Willy," she cried.

"Ah, poor little chap!" It was all he said, but the tone implied more.

"Things seem to be getting pretty low with us all. I wish there could be a change," continued Mary.

"How can there be, while the masters and the Union are at loggerheads?" he asked.

"Us men be between the two, and between the two we come to the ground. It's like sitting on two stools at once."

Mary proceeded to the shop where jelly was sold, an old man's bought a sixpenny pot, and took it back to Mrs. Darby's, handing it in at the door.

"Why did you do it, Mary? You can't afford it."

"Yes I can. Give it to Willy, with my love."

"He will only be out of a world of care, if God does take him," she sighed as she bent her steps homeward. "It would be a happy release for the half of us here. On father!" she continued aloud, encountering John Baxendale at their own gate. "I wish this sad state of things could be ended. There's the poor little Darbys worse instead of better. They are all lying in one room down with fever."

"God help us if fever should come!" was the reply of John Baxendale.

"It is not catching fever yet. They have given up their top chambers, and are all sleeping in that back room. Poor Willy craved for a bit of jelly, and Mrs. Darby could not get it him."

"Better craved for that than for worse things," roughly returned John Baxendale. "I am just a walking about here, because I can't bear to stop in doors. I can't pay the rent, and the things must go."

"No, father, they need not. He said that if you would get up two pounds towards it, he would give time for the rest. If—"

"Two pounds!" ejaculated John Baxendale, "where am I to get two pounds from? Borrow of them that have been provident, and so are better off, in this distress, than me? No, that I never will."

Mary opened her hand, and displayed two sovereigns held in her palm. They sparkled in the gas-light. "They are my own, father. Take them."

A sudden revulsion of feeling came over Baxendale—like one who had passed from despair to hope. "Child," he gently said, "did an angel send them?" And Mary, worn

with weakness, with long-continued insufficient food, and with the distress around her, burst into tears, and, bending her head upon his arm, sobbed aloud.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

## THE CHANNINGS.

A NEW STORY, BY MRS. WOOD.

We hardly need call the attention of our readers to a new story, by Mrs. Wood, author of "The Earl's Daughters," "East Lynne," &c., which they will find commenced on our sixth page. It is a very interesting story, and one calculated to improve as well as interest. Boys and young men will find much to please them in the descriptions of school life in England, apparently so different in many respects from that on this side of the ocean. The young ladies will read with peculiar interest of the troubles of Constance—and perhaps of Hamish also. While the fathers and mothers will peruse with feelings that the young can hardly understand, the history of so admirable and estimable a family as the Channings.

## SOUTHERN UNIONISM.

We are tempted to believe in the existence of a considerable amount of Southern Unionism, when we read as follows in the *Norfolk Day Book*—

"No less than seventy-seven citizens of Loudoun county were sent to Richmond on Thursday last, and confined in prison on the charge of being disloyal to the South."

Seventy-seven loyal citizens—sufficiently open-mouthed to be suspected—in one county, argues the existence of a large number of more prudent men of the same class. These latter, however, will not say much until there is no danger of a returning tide of rebel soldiery. When the rebellion is effectually crushed—so that even the *London Times* has to give it up, and admit that Jeff. Davis is "a dead cock in the pit"—then Union men will begin to spring up all over the South as thick as mushrooms.

By the way, it is pleasant to hear that our troops are pressing on steadily towards Knoxville. East Tennessee deserves that the hand of assistance should be stretched out to her. The Union men of that section should receive every consideration—for they have proved beyond all denial their love for the old flag.

## THE MERRIMAC.

There is considerable uneasiness in the public mind relative to this rebel vessel. The fact is that people generally do not feel implicit reliance in the management of our naval affairs—and they fear that all is not being done which might be done to capture or sink this truly formidable foe. The recent escape of the Nashville has not tended to reassure the public mind. If one vessel can run the blockade, why not the other? Not only the Merrimac, but Norfolk itself should be taken at any reasonable cost. The rebels, no doubt, delighted with their recent success on the water, will bend all their energies to the creation of more Merrimacs. It therefore should be a chief consideration with the government to capture and occupy not only Norfolk, but every place where facilities abound for the work in question. The old proverb says that "Delays are dangerous," and we are finding it out. For us to be beaten on the ocean, with all our immense advantages in ships, women and material, is absolutely disgraceful—and it cannot often come to pass without somebody being to blame.

## LOLLIPOPS FOR SOLDIERS.

Under the above head a Canadian letter-writer says—

The idle life of the camps develops the worst features of this evil system, and the craving of the American appetite for such rubbish as sweet pies, nutcakes, sugarsticks, and the miscellaneous trash which in England boys throw aside with their tops and marbles, is increased by inaction and example; men acquire a distaste for their simple but excellent rations, suffer rapidly in health, and become incapable of enduring the fatigue and privations of a campaign. The quantity of sugarsticks consumed by a single American regiment in a day is just belief, to say nothing of cakes, pies, sardines, peanuts, pop corn, apple sauce, smoked herrings, and the inevitable tobacco and whiskey, when not strictly excluded. The men would need the stomachs of ostriches to preserve their health under such an infection. Their liberal pay—nearly two shillings sterling per day, exclusive of rations—is frittered away before it is received, and their families, when they have any, are thrown on public charity for support.

While the above is considerably exaggerated, there is still more than sufficient truth in it. We agree with the writer fully as to the bad effects of the continual eating which so many Americans indulge in. When this eating is confined to apples and other fruits, it is not so very hurtful; but when cakes, candies and sweetmeats are thus eaten for pastime—as it were—the tone of the stomach is apt to be seriously affected, and then tobacco and whiskey are resorted to as necessary stimulants. Three or four times a day, at regular intervals, food of a suitable quality should be taken into the stomach, and all irregular eating, especially of cakes, candies, nuts, &c., be avoided. The seeds of many a dyspepsia are planted by eating when the stomach really needs nothing but to be let alone.

## SOUND.

We take the following from an English journal—

THE MECHANICAL CAUSE OF THUNDER.—It is stated, perhaps, in every scientific work, that thunder is occasioned by the concussion or reuniting of the atmosphere, after it has been separated by the electric fluid, which explanation is generally, I suppose, at first sight, looked upon as the correct one; but it is not so, and this inasmuch as the entrance of the atmosphere into a vacuum does not occasion a sound similar to that in question, and it cannot be supposed that the filling up of a very large vacuum, as that produced by the electric fluid, by a very elastic substance, as the atmosphere, gives rise to it, seeing that a very loud noise is dependent upon the great resistance of the substance occasioning it. It must, therefore, be allowed that the sound known as thunder is caused by the separation of the atmosphere by the electric fluid, and that the excessive rapidity of the separating force counteracts what would otherwise be the neutralizing effect of the air's elasticity. Similarly, the smack of a whip is not effected by the coming together of the atmosphere, but by its rapid separation, inasmuch as otherwise a less quick stroke or a wave of the hand would produce a considerable sound. It thus appears why the curling of a whip is necessary to the production of a smack, the curve being effected with great rapidity. Mr. Samuel Bailey attributes the noise of thunder conjointly to the separation of portions of the atmosphere, and their collision, supposing that the sounds arising from these effects are combined upon reaching the ear; if, however, it were true that any part of the sound of thunder is produced by this collision, it would not be true that the sound arising from it would fall upon the ears at an imperceptible interval of time from that at which the other sound would reach them, and this, inasmuch as the re-union of the atmosphere occurs at an appreciable time after its separation.—J. A. D.

The explanation given is the scientific books of the nature of Sound always seemed to us rather questionable. The view given in the above quotation of the cause of the sound of thunder—that it is owing to the sudden separation, and not to the rapid coming together again of the air—may be a little more reasonable, but does not seem to us entirely satisfactory. That sound is something more than it is generally supposed to be, we are inclined to believe; but what it is, is a question which we must leave to future philosophers—if the present ones are not correct—to determine.

NORFOLK.—By the very name of it the city of Norfolk ought to be in the possession of the Nor-folk.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA. Volume XIV. Reed—Spiral. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by John McFarlan, Phila.

LEISURE HOURS IN TOWN. By the author of the "Recreations of a Country Parson." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

AIDS TO FAITH. A Series of Theological Essays. By Several Writers. Being a Reply to "Essays and Reviews." Edited by WILLIAM THOMSON, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

PHENIXIANA; or, Sketches and Burlesques by JOHN PHENIX. Twelfth Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

MANUAL FOR HEAVY ARTILLERY. For the Use of Volunteers. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS. By J. CONROY JEFFERSON, author of "Novels and Novelties," &c. Published by Ridd & Carlton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

CADRE LIFE AT WEST POINT. By an Officer of the U. S. Army. With a Descriptive Sketch of West Point by BENSON J. LOSSING. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston; and for sale by Willis P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN. By JOHN S. HART, LL. D., Editor of the *Sunday-School Times*, and late Principal of the Philadelphia High School. Published by J. C. Gartridges, 145 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS REALIZED; OR, CIVILIZING MOUNTAIN MEN. By Mrs. ELLEN H. B. MASON; Eighteen Years Connected with the Highland Clans of Burmah. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Phila.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The April number contains articles by Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, and other well-known writers. We are pleased to learn from its publishers, that "10,000 copies have been added to the circulation of the Atlantic since the beginning of the year."

Gentleman in a restaurant—"Waiter." "Waiter—Yes, sir." (showing a hair—) "I pulled this from the soup." "Waiter—" "I know what it is." "Gent—" "I should hope so! Of course, it's a hair." "Waiter—" "Yes, but you need not be uneasy; as the cook let her comb drop into the soup-kettle, it's no wonder one hair is found. The only wonder is that there are not more of them! What's one hair in a whole dish of soup?"

"What will the people of New Orleans do without oysters?" was asked in our presence the other morning. A witty friend suggested that "if they couldn't get the oyster, they might soon get the shell!"

In chemistry, the best way to separate two bodies is to introduce a third. The same holds true in other departments. To increase the distance between a pair of lovers, all that's required is to let Wilkie walk into the "back parlor" with a lighted candle in his hand.

LORD BROUGHAM IN FRANCE.—A correspondent states that Lord Brougham is much respected by the inhabitants of Cannes; "but the lower orders cannot make out why so great a millionaire should persist in wearing a hat for which no one in his senses would give a couple of centimes."

## AN INCIDENT OF THE EMBARGO

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A very touching instance of conjugal affection was manifested on the Nashville railroad a few months ago, when the embargo on contraband goods was first put in force, which I will hasten to make known:—

A gentleman dressed in mourning was seen to drive up to the Louisville depot in a hack and take from thence a coffin, which he placed in the car. He seemed to be in the greatest distress. His eyes were suffused with tears, and his face showed signs of the deepest grief.

As soon as the cars started, he took his seat upon the coffin, and burying his head in his hands, commenced sobbing and groaning in the most heart-rending manner. The sympathies of the bystanders were immediately enlisted, and they crowded around the bereaved mourner. From his passionate outbursts of sorrow, they learned that the coffin contained the last remains of his dear wife—the mother of his children—the pulse of his heart—the joy of his prosperity, and the only solace of his misfortunes. Her dying request was to be buried in the land of his nativity—the South, and he was accordingly carrying her thither. Thus he continued for miles, when the passengers, seeing that he was exhausting himself, tried to persuade him to leave the coffin and take some refreshment. But he repeatedly declared that nothing should separate him from his beloved—that he would never leave her, and then he would clasp the coffin to his breast and cover it with kisses. Just at this moment the conductor came up, and all the facts were soon explained to him by one of the bystanders. Public corporations are said to "have no soul," and it seemed on this occasion that their representatives were equally devoid of that necessary article, for the officer alluded to not only failed to manifest any sympathy for the sorrows of his fellow mortal, but even had the effrontery to order that the grief-stricken husband should be forced away from the body of his wife, and that the coffin should be opened,—at the same time muttering something about traitors, hypocrites, contrabands, &c. When the husband heard this cruel order he burst into fresh paroxysms of grief, and declared that he would die before he would leave the body. But, finally, in spite of his outcries, he was dragged away—the coffin was opened by the conductor, and the bystanders crowding around beheld—not the "remains" of "my dear wife"—but pistols, packages of opium, military buttons, landammunition, and innumerable other contraband articles. It is perhaps useless to say that all proper care was taken of the tender-hearted "better half" and his "beloved"—the "mother of his children," etc., although it pains me to chronicle the fact that no attention whatever was paid to her "dying request," but the body was taken back to Louisville and decently interred in the custom-house.

A. S. WILLIS.

## SWEARING A CONTRABAND.

The following description of the swearing of a contraband is from a letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer from a member of Company K, First Iowa Cavalry—

"Innumerable questions were being propounded to him, when the corporal advanced, observing,

"See here, Dixie, before you can enter the service of the United States, you must be sworn."

"Yes, massa, I do dat," he replied when the corporal continued,

"Well, then, take hold of the Bible," holding out a letter envelope upon which was delineated the Goddess of Liberty standing upon a Suffolk pig, wearing the emblem of our country. The negro grasped the envelope cautiously with his thumb and forefinger, when the corporal proceeded to administer the oath by saying,

"You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States, and see that there are no grounds floating upon the coffee at all times."

"Yes, massa, I do dat," he replied, "I allers settles him in de coffee-pot."

"Here he let go of the envelope to gesture by a downward thrust of his forefinger the direction that would be given to the coffee-grounds for the future.

"Never mind how you do it," shouted the corporal, "but hold on to the Bible."

"Lordy, massa, I forgot," said the negro, as he darted forward and grasped the envelope with a firmer clutch, when the corporal continued,

"And you do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of all the loyal States, and not spit upon the plates when cleaning them, or wipe them with your shirt sleeve."

"Here a frown lowered upon the brow of the negro, his eyes expanded to their largest dimensions, while his lips protruded with a rounded form, as he exclaimed,

"Lordy, massa, I neder do dat. I allers washes him nice. Ole missus mighty 'feller 'bout dat."

"Never mind ole missus' shouted the corporal, as he resumed; "and you do solemnly swear that you will put milk in the coffee every morning, and see that the ham and eggs are not cooked to much or too little."

"Yes, I do dat; I see a good cook."

"And lastly continued the corporal, 'you do solemnly swear that when this war is over you'll make tracks for Africa almighty fast.'"

"Yes, massa, I do dat. I allers wanted to go to Chee-cargo."

Here the regimental drums beat up for dress parade, when Tom Benton—that being his name—was declared duly sworn in and commissioned as chief cook in Company K, of the First Iowa Cavalry.

Huntsman of Attercliff, near Sheffield (England), was the first, in 1760, to make casting-steel. He kept his process secret for ten years afterwards.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE

IN PERSIA.

When a poor man has a pretty daughter about eleven or twelve years old—the age at which Persian ladies are supposed to have matrimonial views—a marriage broker waits upon him, and endeavors to strike a bargain for her. The broker, generally a moolah or priest, will perhaps offer from two to four hundred tomans, or, say, from one to two hundred pounds English money, as a fair price for a young lady. The bargain completed, the girl probably becomes a wife of some khaan, rich enough to afford himself such a luxury, and to give the broker a handsome profit on the transaction. It is usually all a matter of business, and a man posting up his accounts at the end of the year might note down that upon such a day he bought a lady, pretty much as if he had purchased a fine Turcoman horse or an English rifle; only the price of the two latter articles would be considerably higher than that of the first. It is seldom that either of the parties have previously seen each other, so that the lifting of the veil upon the wedding day may be a delightful surprise, or a gloom of disappointment, according to circumstances.

A Persian bride, when first bought, is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweetmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmudged with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put into her eyes to make them dark and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they may have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal black by indigo, or of a reddish brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy or that of the broker. Her eyebrows are plastered, and painted so thickly that they look like a large piece of court plaster cut into arches stuck upon her face. I say a large piece, because they are joined artificially by a thick line across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, are stuck fast on each side of them in the shape of number sixes, placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, finger nails, and toe nails, are dyed a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! She plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an old woman, with her skin all shrivelled and burnt up by caustics and poisoned pricks of needles.

This odd undersized creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trowsers possible. She puts on a great many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as a British dandy is of the size of her crinoline. She wears a smart embroidered jacket with short sleeves, and a pretty chemise of some light white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arms, and legs, and neck are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins, and trinkets as she can possibly get. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds, but is not particular as to their beauty or value; a diamond is a diamond for her, whatever dawl it may have; a pearl is a pearl, whatever its shape or color may be. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments; but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an under-current of strange roundabout wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know, and child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest man who ever wore a gray beard.

One of the first visits she receives after her marriage will most probably be from her father, who will tell her that his home is cold and cheerless since she left it, and that her mother is getting old. This pathetic appeal is certain to touch her heart, and she will employ the first money she can coax out of her husband, to buy her father a new young wife.

Indeed, the proceeding of taking a lady on a short lease, is common even among Christians residing in Persia. A friend of mine informed me that he visited Vaneek, a village near Tehran, some years ago, for the purpose of making a marriage of this kind. He and a companion sat down under a tree, smoking kudeons, while the village dandy, under command of the priest filed past for inspection. When his choice was fixed, the lease was drawn out in due form. Forty tomans (a light rent, about twenty pounds) was paid for dresses and fine clothes, and thirty tomans more were agreed upon as the price of divorce. The average price of an Armenian lady is from ten to fifteen tomans. They are horribly coarse and ugly. The small-pox makes shocking ravages among them, too.

Boys usually marry between twelve and fourteen. They frequently marry their cousins, but the race does not degenerate in consequence, as it has been clearly ascertained to do in other countries.

Children are not the source of embarrassment even to poor people, that they are supposed sometimes to be in more civilized countries. There need be no anxiety at all about them, indeed. They can always pick up rice enough to live somewhere, and the family of a rich man is often far too numerous for his children to expect to be rich men too.

The shah, however, is under some difficulty occasionally in finding a new wife. A shah sent to one of the great khans to propose for his daughter, a very beautiful woman. But her father begged that she might be excused so inconvenient an honor, for that when his Majesty had enjoyed her society for a month he would probably forget all about her, and she must then, according to custom, remain in a state of widowhood for the rest of her life. A shah being an awful person in Persia, his Majesty is said to have expressed some resentment at being crossed in his caprice, that for a long time the khan did not dare to marry his daughter to any one.

There appears to be no such thing as a mesalliance in Persia. One of the innumerable sons of Fat Ali Shah fell in love with a very old and ugly woman in humble life.—The king tried to joke the young man out of this strange fancy. "Ah, sir," replied the prince, "if you could only see her with my eyes!" This vague answer of sentences Oriental flavor was considered to settle the affair completely, and to reply to all objections which perhaps it did. Even the present king has illustrated the prevailing sentiment of his subjects very prettily. His queen and favorite wife, Gelran, or she-As-telope, was a peasant's daughter, who attracted his Majesty's attention one day as he rode through a village, and whom he has loved ever since with an unchanging affection and most manly tenderness. His passion for her appears to be the master feeling of his life. Once upon a great day, when her son was proclaimed heir-apparent to the throne, and when all his woman-kind appeared before him arrayed in their best apparel, his quick eye saw at once that she was not among them; turning coldly away from the rest, he asked, "Where is the Khammam?" No festival could be a festival without her, and there was no light for him in his palace or his court until she came.

Persians have not the same jealousy about their women as the Turks have. If you are really intimate with a man, he would be very likely to introduce you to his wife; and the anteroom is by no means classed like the harem.

The women's apartments are usually very dirty and slovenly, and out of order. Beautiful china, cut glass, gold trays, and jewelled pipes, everything to eat, everything to drink, the sweets, the sherbets, the coffee, the tea, the fruit, are equally and abominably dirty.

There is great license in manners at Tehran: women of highest rank pay visits to men without scruple; usually coming dressed like beggars, to avoid observation. The visits of ladies to each other are interminable. They call at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and stop all day, smoking and eating and bragging about their clothes and their husbands.

Public scandals are rare. If a husband should be too inquisitive, he is apt to be poisoned; and if a lover should be indiscreet, he may chance to be short-lived. A great khan was stabbed by an unseen hand in broad daylight not long ago, at Tabreez, for boasting of a love affair.

Owing to the almost unrestrained liberty they enjoy, women mix themselves up with everything in Persia; nothing is done without them; they have immense political influence; and they, with the wretched tribe of beldames and fortune-tellers who hang about the anterooms, overturn viziers and ministers at will.

Human life is held cheap in Persia; and the majesty of death has neither awe nor terrors there. A criminal who has been executed will be left a ghastly and a fearful object in the market-place, for the dogs to gnaw at. My horse has often stumbled and shied at the uncanny thing; but the heedless crowd, any one of whom might be singled out in a minute for the same fate, pass by jesting or unconcerned.

A correspondent at Nashville thus illustrates the condition of that city when our troops occupied it—"Imagine seventy-seven Sundays rolled into one, and into one town, and somebody dead in every house of it, and every inhabitant of it grieving at a graveyard, and even then you will fail to feel the silent and appalling gloom that shrouds the city of Nashville at this moment." Nashville must be a good lively place to live in about this time, and a vaudeville theatre and a few ball rooms could not fail to do well!

A milkman was awake by a wag in the night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of his animal, when, lo! he found a turnip in the mouth of his pump.

It is so utterly impossible to blink the facts of Gen. Floyd's career, that we understand, even among the Confederates themselves, every member of his staff is designated an Aid-de-Scamp.

"Dost thou clean my furniture, fair handmaiden?" asked X. of his pretty servant who was polishing his escutcheon. "I dost," replied the handmaiden.

The mind of children is the tenderest, holiest thing this side of heaven. And it is not to be approached with gentleness, with love, yes, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefined by the taint of the world, untried by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of universal lustre in it. If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it.

Professor Agazziz has been lecturing in Boston on the "lobster," and is gradually working his way down to the "oyster," after which he will turn his attention to "the bounding clam."

"I Don't SEE IT."—Lord Nelson is undoubtedly the author of this slang phrase. At the celebrated naval battle of Copenhagen, Nelson, who was determined to continue the fight, but whose attention had been called to a signal of the commanding officer to cease hostilities, placed his hand over his good eye, and pretending to look with his blind one, said,—"I don't see it," and at once ordered a brisk renewal of the engagement.

Put two persons in the same bed-room, one of whom has the toothache, and the other is in love, and the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

Said a teacher to a playful child—"What would you have been without your pious father and mother?" The little rogue replied, "I suppose, ma'am, I should have been an orphan!"



## THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

SERIOUSLY CONTESTED BATTLE—THE UNION TROOPS VICTORIOUS.

Unlike some others, the triumph of the Union arms in the recent conflict near Winchester, Va., grows in importance and emphasis as the facts are more clearly made known. The N. Y. Tribune condenses the most material of the facts as follows:

On Saturday afternoon last, the southward pickets of the Union forces near Winchester were suddenly driven in by a strong force of rebel cavalry, behind which advanced rapidly to the attack twelve regiments of infantry and four or five batteries of artillery. The total rebel force that engaged our troops that night is stated at 7,000 infantry, 1,300 cavalry and perhaps 1,000 artillery; while Gen. Garret, with 5,000 more, reinforced them next morning.

The Union troops are stated by General Shields at "7,000 or 8,000 strong," and all 500 were of his division. They were inferior to the rebels in artillery and cavalry, but perhaps equal to them in infantry. Only a small portion of them were ever before engaged in a serious conflict. The attack was entirely unexpected by our troops, though the rebels in Winchester would seem to have had a hint of it, as many of them were dressed as if for a holiday, and all appeared to be heading the new telegraphic maxim.

"As if you had received very good news." Gen. Banks, commander of the army corps in the Valley of the Shenandoah, was absent, unsuspecting an attack; Gen. Shields was severely wounded at the outset. The hour was so late that darkness soon arrested the combat, the enemy having captured a few pickets only, and the fight having been confined to a few exchanges of shells. The two armies lay on their arms facing each other through the night—the rebels evidently surprised and somewhat disconcerted by the bold front of the Unionists, as they had been told that Winchester had been all but evacuated by our troops, and expected to enter it in triumph without meeting serious resistance.

The rebels renewed the action on Sunday morning, making an effort to turn the Union right by a heavy fire of artillery and a feigned attack on our left. Their cannon, superior in number (28 to 24), were advantageously posted; their infantry were covered by woods and a high stone wall. The rebel right was driven back half a mile by an infantry charge, but gained a strong position whence, by the help of their artillery, they regained the heights. A heavy cannonade and fusillade was kept up by both parties till 3 P. M., without heavy loss, though the armies were for the most part but three or four hundred yards apart, and at times still nearer. At 3 the infantry of the rebel left debouched from the woods and charged our right, intending to capture the battery there stationed. Their first charge nearly succeeded, but was repelled by a storm of grape-shot. A second still weaker charge was more easily repulsed; and then Gen. Tyler, commanding our left, ordered an advance on the rebel batteries in his front. Two charges were successively repelled with slaughter, but the third prevailed, routing the rebels who opposed it, and capturing two guns and four caissons.

Of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, which lost this charge, Col. Murray and 26 other men were killed, and 83 wounded—in all 109, out of the 300 who followed its standard into the battle. This success decided the fate of the battle. The rebel left was utterly broken, and fled, whereupon their centre wavered and gave ground. An attempt to retrieve the day by a charge of the rebel right utterly failed, an Irish battalion, which was pushed forward in advance, utterly refusing to fire on the Unionists. One account says that 40 of the 150 composing this battalion were killed or wounded—we trust not by Union bullets.—They certainly were not fired on from our side if their position was understood. Fifteen hundred muskets were thrown away by the flying rebels, and picked up by our pursuing troops. Gen. Shields reports the Union loss at 150 killed, and 300 wounded; that of the rebels at 500 killed, and 1,000 wounded, of whom he had 300 prisoners.

Gen. Banks, who was on his way to Washington, returned to Winchester on the first tidings of the fight, and directed the pursuit of the flying rebels. He had followed them five miles beyond Strasburg on Monday, completely harassing them, and increasing their demoralization.

## GENERAL SHIELDS' DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The following dispatch from Gen. Shields to Senator Rice, dated Winchester, to-day, was read in the Senate this afternoon:

On the morning of the 23d, my command, 7,000 to 8,000 strong, was attacked near this place by Jackson, with eleven regiments of infantry, the Irish battalion, about 1,500 cavalry, and twenty-eight pieces of artillery. After a severe fight the enemy were put in complete rout, leaving behind two pieces of cannon, four caissons, and a large number of small arms, besides about 300 prisoners. Our loss is 150 killed, 300 wounded. The enemy's loss is 500 killed, and 1,000 wounded.

WINCHESTER, March 26, P. M.—We expect to obtain a list of the killed and wounded, on both sides, to-night.

Captain A. H. Brown, of the Fourth Ohio, has been appointed Deputy Provost Marshal here.

A committee of citizens, in conjunction with the Mayor and Provost Marshal, have buried all the rebel dead which have been brought to town. Eighty-five were buried on the battle field, one hundred and twenty-three on the roadside between here and Strasburg.

Two hundred and thirty-five prisoners have been sent to Baltimore. Others are on their way here.

A messenger of Strasburg says that General Johnston was to have joined Jackson at Strasburg, but subsequently sent him word that he could not join him till Monday night, and their combined forces would have amounted to from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand. The rebels were endeavoring to keep Gen. Banks from moving to another point, but Jackson, being falsely informed that our troops had nearly all left Winchester, hazarded his fatal advance alone.

Thousands of persons are visiting the battle ground, and bringing off mementoes of the terrible fight.

Our pickets are six miles beyond Strasburg. Jackson was not in sight. All the fences, trees, and ground along the route show the terrible effect of our artillery on the retreating enemy.

General Shields' arm has been reset. His condition is now comfortable, and he will probably be able to resume active duties in two weeks.

## CONGRATULATIONS OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The following dispatch was telegraphed to General Shields to-day:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, March 26, 1862.

BRIEFER-GENERAL SHIELDS.—Your two dispatches relating to the brilliant achievement of the forces under your command have been received.

While rejoicing at the success of your troops, deep commiseration and sympathy are felt for those who have been victims in the gallant and victorious contest with treason and rebellion.

Your wounds, as well as your success, prove that Lander's brave division is still bravely led, and that wherever its standard is displayed, the rebels will be routed and pursued.

To you, and to the officers and soldiers under your command, the Department returns its thanks. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

WINCHESTER, March 25.—The details of the fight on Sunday record more deeds of personal heroism and daring than any battle in history.

Captain Robt. C. Schriber, Aid and Inspector of Gen. Banks' division, while riding to the crest of a hill to the left of Stone Edge, in company with two orderlies, was attacked by five rebel cavalry, who emptied their revolvers, killing the two orderlies. Captain Schriber charged on them, running one through to the hilt of the sword, and received a ball through his cap; but he escaped unhurt.

Major Delevan D. Perkins, the Chief of Gen. Banks' staff, was mainly instrumental in planning the attack, and performed deeds of skill and valor. Major Perkins is a native of the state of New York, and is a Captain in the Fourth United States Artillery.

The twelve rebel regiments engaged were all Virginians, including the First, Second, Fourth, Thirtieth, Twenty-third, Forty-second, and Thirty-second Virginia Regiments, and one Provisional and one Irish Regiment. They had the assistance of Ashby's Cavalry, and two 8-gun batteries, one 6-gun battery, and one 4-gun battery, making twenty-six guns, among which were some of the captured Bull Run pieces.

The four color-bearers of the Fifth Ohio were successively killed, when Capt. Whitcomb seized the colors, and prepared, sword in hand, to defend them. He fell with a shot through the head.

A youthful rebel fell, receiving two wounds in the breast. When he was approached by one of our officers, he inquired if the officer knew Gen. Banks. He received an affirmative reply. "Tell him I want to take the oath of allegiance," said the boy. "for I have three brothers in the United States service, and want them to know that I die true to the Union."

## GEN. SHIELDS' ORDER.

HEAD QUARTERS OF SHIELDS' DIVISION, Winchester, Va., March 26.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 11.—Brig. General Shields congratulates the officers and soldiers of his Division upon the glorious victory achieved by them on the 23rd instant, near Winchester, Va.

They defeated an enemy whose forces outnumbered theirs, and who were considered the bravest and best disciplined of the Confederate army.

He also congratulates them that it has fallen to their lot to open the campaign on the Potomac. The opening has been a splendid success. Let them inscribe "Winchester" upon their banners, and prepare for other victories.

(Signed) Brigadier-General SHIELDS.

The following, as near as can be ascertained at present, are the numbers of the wounded in the battle on Sunday:—

In the Seventh Ohio, 35.  
"Twenty-ninth Ohio, 3.  
"Fifth Ohio, 26.  
"Sixth Ohio, 24.  
"Eighth Ohio, 19.  
"Seventh Indiana, 11.  
"Thirteenth Indiana, 13.  
"Fourteenth Indiana, 12.  
"Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, 109.  
"One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania, 36.  
"First Virginia (loyal), 4.  
"Twenty-eighth New York, 1.  
"First Ohio, 1.  
"Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, 1.  
"Fifth Connecticut, 2.  
"Third Wisconsin, 2.

The lists of killed have not yet been received, but the numbers are believed to have reached 105.

## GEN. BANKS' GENERAL ORDER.

The following is Major-General Banks' General Order relative to the battle of Sunday:—

HEAD QUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS, STRASBURG, March 26.

The Commanding General of the Fifth Army Corps congratulates the officers and soldiers of General Shields' Division, and especially its gallant commander, on the auspicious and decisive victory gained over the rebels on the 23rd instant.

The Division has already received renown against the superior forces of a subtle and barbarous enemy. (Signed) N. P. BANKS.

The rebels, under Jackson, are supposed to be at Edinburg, 17 miles South-West of Strasburg (where Gen. Banks is), and West of the Blue Ridge. It is connected by a turnpike with Staunton, on the present railroad line of the rebel defenses.

THE English University cap is sometimes called a "trencher," from its resemblance to a plate probably.

LADY POLK.—The largest rifle gun the Confederates had at Columbus was called "Lady Polk," in honor of his Reverence, General Polk. It burst.

There are great men enough to incite us to aim at true greatness, but not enough to make us fancy that God could not execute His purposes without them.

Eleven-inch guns are common in the American navy. No Armstrong gun has yet been made with a bore larger than ten and a half inches.

ROARS OF LAUGHTER.—Pretence asks does anybody in the South hear now the echoes of "the roars of laughter" with which the rebels at Montgomery greeted President Lincoln's proclamation of last April?

IMAGINARY WANTS.—If we create imaginary wants, why do we not create imaginary satisfactions? It were the happier frenzy of the two to be like the mad Athenian, who thought all the ships that came into the harbor to be his own, than to be still tormenting ourselves with insatiable desires.

A wag recommends that when you are walking on a rainy day, and see a tall man without an umbrella, you offer him a shelter, and having "taken him in," hang your umbrella upon his hat, and clinging to the handle, swing yourself clear of the mud. Of course he will be too polite to say anything about it.

They have an icicle estimated at forty feet long and four feet diameter at Worcester, Massachusetts.

"Down with the Yankees!" exclaims the New Orleans Delta, which Pretence responds, "Don't be impatient—you'll find they will be down soon enough for your comfort."

## The Rebel Batteries at Island No. 10.

A letter writer says of dodging the rebel batteries:—

Odd as it may sound, the thing is actually done. A raking cross fire from two directions interfered with the sport of some of the more adventurous of the spectators, who, while they might dodge the balls of one, were glad to beat a retreat when they were obliged to watch two. The manner of it is this:—At long ranges a considerable interval elapses between the time when the flash of the gun is first seen and the arrival of the projectile. At a distance of two miles this is as long as ten or twelve seconds.

The instant, therefore, the flash is seen at the rebel battery, the amateur dodge and squat behind the pilot or wheel-house. In another moment the ball rushes past, and he looks abroad for another. This is tolerably safe protection when the fire is slow, and any moderately active person can thus dodge a cannon ball.

## THE REBEL BATTERIES.

An exploration on Monday led to the discovery of no less than five other batteries along the shore fronting our anchorage, upon which we must move in order to round the point. Up to this time the guns in these batteries have been counted, and foot up as follows, counting down the river:—

Battery No. 1 7 guns; Battery No. 4 4 guns.  
Battery No. 2 8 guns; Battery No. 5 4 guns.  
Battery No. 3 4 guns; Battery No. 6 10 guns.  
On the island, one large battery 17 guns.  
On the island, (north side), one large 4 guns.  
Floating battery anchored abreast 16 guns.  
Total 70 guns.

There are besides, two or three gunboats, partially armed, which are below the island.

## HOW THE BOATS STOOD THE FIRING.

The Benton (flag ship) was struck by five or six shot, with various results. Shot No. 1 in importance crashed through the boiler-plate roof, rebounded from the deck, and finally dropped upon a stand on the deck, where it remains as a trophy.

Another 8-inch solid shot struck the forward bulwarks point blank, a few inches from the port-hole. It made an indentation of one-third the diameter, and broke into fragments. The iron casing seems strong enough to resist large solid shot at that distance. A third passed through the smoke-stack, scratched a hole into the boiler-plate, and rolled harmlessly down to the chicken coop. Others struck her hull and plated sides, and glanced off, the stroke being quite palpable to all on board.

## THE MONSTER MORTARS.

The monster mortars which accompany the expedition are so novel and effective that a further description of them may be useful. Imagine then, if you can, a hole thirteen inches in diameter, with seventeen inches of solid iron poured around it, five feet long, and the depth of the hole to the proper angle of inclination, your great engine of war is placed. Into this great engine of war is placed, first of all, a large scoop or shovel full of powder, twenty-five pounds, or an ordinary powder keg full, tied in a flannel bag, then covered by a peculiar kind of wadding. After this one of the enormous bombs, weighing when filled over 220 pounds, in which is placed a metallic fuse. The bag is pierced, the mortar is adjusted to the proper angle of inclination, and the right direction attained first by the general position of the boat, and in a minor degree by the training of the carriage. The gunners stand back behind the tarpaulins, the concussion is so tremendous as to endanger their sight and hearing, which exposed; the match is applied, and away goes the messenger of death, hissing along in its fiery course. The monster bomb meanwhile is covered with dense smoke of "volcanic sulphur," which slowly drifts away.

The great thunderer sits there, a few paces to the rear, a light smoke faintly curling from his cavernous mouth, as if nothing had happened. In a few minutes he is sponged out and is ready for another charge.

## BAD NEWS FROM NEW MEXICO—CAPTURE OF SANTA FE BY THE REBELS.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—We have dispatches from Santa Fe to March 19. The Texans have taken Santa Fe. The American merchants with their families have fled, mostly to Fort Union—distance one hundred miles east.

Major Donelson, first aid to Col. Canby, conspicuous at the battle of Valverde, reached Kansas City, March 25th, en route for Washington. The object of his visit is to urge forward reinforcements.

No opposition was made to the entrance of the Texas into Santa Fe, as all our troops were at Fort Craig, with Col. Canby, or at Fort Union, under the command of Major Paul, U. S. A.

Major Donelson had previously sent to Fort Union all the government property, commissary stores, &c.

The Texans in Santa Fe generally respect private property, but they seized the books of some of the leading merchants.

Fort Union is a well-fortified earthen work, in an open plain, and will make a strong defence.

The losses of the American merchants at Santa Fe must be large, as they had heavy stocks of goods sent out to the settlers, to supply the army. It is due to these merchants that the United States government should use every effort to protect them.

May a Judge who retires from the bench be said to lay down the law?

Speaking of the talk of the rebels about retreating to their mountain fastnesses, and carrying on a war of extermination, the Louisville Journal very pertinently remarks that the secession leaders are not made of the stuff that forms Marions and Schamyls, and the rank and file will be glad enough to get back to their allegiance after this year's bedeviling. And in the next place, in consideration to all other rebellions in the world's history, the mountain districts are completely and thoroughly loyal.

The Northampton (Mass.) Courier says that at a late wedding in an adjoining town, the bride, who had just espoused her third husband, requested the guests to sing the hymn of which her first husband was "so fond," commencing, "Hark from the tombs." Phancy the phreaks of the happy bridegroom.

Among the letters found by our soldiers in the rebel camp on Roanoke Island, was one from a young lady in the South to her lover in the rebel army, in which she says:—"I hope we shall see each other again, if we do not, I hope we shall be in Heaven, where there will be no Yankees."

An Iowa regiment has a rule that any man who utters an oath, shall read a chapter in the Bible. Several have got nearly through the Old Testament!

The one hundred and fourth thousand of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy has been published in London.

## GUNNY BAGS.

What is a gunny bag? The London Mechanic's Magazine tells us all about it. It is a bag made from the coarse spun fibres of a plant which grows in India, of which there are many varieties. On the Coromandel coast this plant is called Gun, and "gunny" is a corruption of this name. The cultivation of the chuti, jute, or "gunny," has been carried on for centuries in Bengal, and gives employment to tens of thousands of inhabitants. "Men, women and children," says Dr. Henly, "find occupation there."

Boatmen in their spare moments, plankton carriers, and domestic servants; everybody being Hindoo, for Mussulmen spin cotton only—pass their leisure moments, distaff in hand, spinning gunny twist. The patient and despised Hindoo widow carries her load in this way. It is said the 300,000 tons of jute are grown in India, of which 100,000 tons are exported as gunny bags, besides 100,000 in a raw state. A London company has established a manufactory in Calcutta at an expense of £200,000.

The gunny bag is used for a great variety of purposes. Sugar, coffee, spices, cotton, &c., indeed, almost every article which we pack in dry casks and in boxes is, in the east, packed in gunny bags. It is also made into mats, carpets, ropes, paper, and various other articles. It is related that the old gunny bags which contained sugar are sold to the beer makers, who sweeten their beer by selling the sugar out of the bags and then telling them to the malt makers.

Some 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 gunnies are exported to this country from India, mostly in North America, besides some 4,000 to 5,000 tons of the rope and raw jute. There are no manufactories of the jute cloth in this country; but it is here made into bed-cords, &c. When used for purposes of defence, the bags are filled with sand. They are no better than hemp or flax bags of the same strength, but much cheaper.

## MR. SEWARD ON THE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following letter, addressed by Mr. Seward to Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, who presided at a Peace Rejoicing Meeting in London, appears in the English papers:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, Feb. 14, 1862.

Dear Sir:—I acknowledge with sincere pleasure the reception of your letter of the 17th of January, and also of the proceedings of a public meeting which was held on the 11th of that month, in the Tower Hamlets, in which the relations between your country and mine. It is very gratifying to me to be assured, as I am by those proceedings, that the course which this Government has adopted in regard to a question of neutral rights in maritime war, is approved of by a large and respectable portion of the British public. The policy of the American people, sir, is a policy of peace at home, peace abroad, with all nations—a policy of freedom for themselves, of freedom in their extending empire, and a policy hopeful of, and conducive to, the ultimate freedom of all classes and conditions of men. Whoever shall wage war against the American people will find himself obliged, not only to commit the first wrong, but to become, when they enter the contest, the enemies, not only of order, peace and progress on this continent, but of human nature itself. With any inclination, for your great courtesy, and with wishes, now as always, for the prosperity and happiness of all your countrymen, I have the honor to be most obedient servant, WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

## LAMENTABLE EXPLOSION.

The fireworks and cartridge manufactory of Prof. Samuel Jackson, in this city, blew up on the 29th. The effect was terrible. Four or five of those employed by him were instantly killed—their limbs being blown in all directions. In one instance a head was found a square distant. About forty other persons, principally females—were more or less injured. The surrounding property suffered by the breaking of glass, &c. Prof. Jackson was manufacturing cartridges for the Government. His own son was among the killed.

## SLAVERY IN SURINAM.—A SURINAM paper of the 15th ult. says:

"The slave question in the Dutch West India colonies has been settled. All slaves in those colonies will be set free on the 1st of July, 1863, under the following conditions:—1. Colored men, women or children, for each slave—man, woman or child—to be paid to the owner."

"2. Slaves to remain under apprenticeship on the estates for a term of three years, during which time they are to be paid wages for their work, half of such wages to accrue to the government."

The Dutch Government will grant three millions of guilders per annum for immigration of 30 cents of our money. The "immigration" alluded to is probably that of coolies, &c., to add to the number of laborers.

LEARNING TO CHASE TOROSES.—A short time since a Baltimore policeman observed a horse and wagon standing in the street, apparently without an owner. After making inquiry, and finding that no owner was near, he took possession of it. On getting on the wagon he discovered, lying on the bed, a negro boy, in an unconscious state. Under the impression that the boy was suffering from apoplexy, or some terrible fit, he removed him to the Eastern District Police Station. A physician was called, who administered an emetic, when the boy recovered sufficiently to state the cause of his illness.—He has been anxious for some time to become proficient in the use of the sword. In the course of the morning he got well but left the station remarking that he was willing to suffer, and would learn to chew.

A PROMISING FAMILY.—A business gentleman, residing on Long Island, has been recently presented with a large family under rather astonishing circumstances. He is now living with his third wife, the other two having died childless; but, although his last marriage was less than four years ago, he has twelve children, all alive and well. At the first birth his wife presented him with one child, at the second with two, at the third with two, at the fourth with three, and at the fifth with four, each weighing over 7 pounds each. Eight nurses are constantly employed in attending to the cares of this promising family. The father is an auctioneer, and ought to change his cry to "counting."

GREAT BETHEL OCCUPIED.—On the 27th ult., our troops occupied Great Bethel, the rebels, fifteen hundred strong, leaving in haste, and the approach of our soldiers, great, or Big Bethel, is about three miles beyond Little Bethel, and twelve miles from Hampton, on the road from Fortress Monroe to Yorktown. It is one of the numerous insignificant localities brought prominently into notice since the commencement of the Rebellion, and on the 10th of June, of last year, was the site of a severe engagement, in which the gallant Greble and Winthrop fell.

## LATEST NEWS.

## BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND NO. 10.

## THE FIGHT RENEWED WITH VIGOR.

## AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

## PENSACOLA AND THE PORTS EVACUATED.

## Preparations of the Rebels to Defend N. Orleans.

## THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

## A SKIRMISH IN MISSOURI.

## BEAUFORT, N. C., OCCUPIED, &amp;c.

## Bombardment of Island No. 10.

CAIRO, March 25.—(Special to the Chicago Times.)—An arrival from Island No. 10, yesterday, reported that the effect of our fire on the rebel batteries was very serious, and the upper battery was entirely silenced. Sixty-nine men have been killed, and 90 or 100 more killed on the island.

ST. LOUIS, March 25.—The Democrat's Cairo dispatch says:—The steamer Dickey went down to the fleet yesterday heavily laden with ordnance and commissary stores. Four fifty-pound navy cannon were taken down for the gunboat Henton; also hand grenades to repel boarding parties.

Persons from New Madrid report that several rebel transports and gunboats came up within range of our Riddle Point batteries on Wednesday, and opened fire; but they were compelled to retreat after a short engagement.

The Grampus is the only rebel gunboat above our blockade, which is constantly on the alert, watching our movements at New Madrid. It is also said the rebels have erected batteries on the opposite side of the river, to prevent Gen. Pope's command from crossing to attack their rear.

CAIRO, March 25.—The bombardment of Island No. 10 was renewed vigorously by Gen. Foster's fleet yesterday, and the replies of the rebels seem to indicate that they have received and put in position new guns of longer range than those they have hitherto used during the temporary cessation of active hostilities.

ST. LOUIS, March 25.—The army correspondence of the Republican, writing under date of Cairo, March 25, says that the firing on Friday at Island No. 10 was quite heavy, the rebels replying from a new battery, mounted, it is supposed, with 128-pounders. The enemy could be seen cutting away the trees, and rapidly pushing forward other means of defence. They seem to have no idea of evacuating at present, and are daily getting more cannon in position. Word reached the fleet last night that four rebel gunboats, partly clad with railroad iron, appeared below Gen. Pope's batteries, at Point Pleasant; but as these batteries extend almost on a continuous line of 15 miles, it is not believed that they can force a passage.

## Affairs in Tennessee.

CHICAGO, March 25.—A special dispatch to the Tribune from Cairo, says:—A gentleman from Paducah and Savanna, Tenn., arrived here this morning, and furnished the following intelligence:

On Monday last, a reconnaissance, in force, was made at Fort Ridge, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, where the rebels were said to be fortifying; but no enemy was found.

Our forces are continually augmenting by the arrival of fresh troops.

The latest advices from the rebel camps at Corinth, Mississippi, give the strength of the forces there at 20,000.

On Sunday last, a force of United States troops was sent to Nicholas Landing, 60 miles south of Savannah, which seized 15,000 pounds of fresh pork and 15,000 pounds of cured hams and shoulders. For a long time this has been the mart for the pork business of the Confederate States army. Within the last two weeks, large quantities have been sent southward by teams.

On Monday an engagement occurred between the gunboats Tyler, Lexington, and a masked battery, in the vicinity of Eastport. The gunboats fired fifty shot. The Tyler's smoke-stack was struck once. The effect on the enemy's works was not ascertained.

Captains Beckard and Carson returned to Savannah from Nashville on Tuesday night, overland.

Gen. Buell is in command of the Union force, and at the latest advices he was within 15 miles of the rebel army under Beauregard. Morgan's rebel cavalry have captured another train on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. It contained several U. S. officers.

## Pensacola and the Ports Evacuated.

The rebels have evacuated Pensacola and Fort Barrancas, and the whole of Florida has been formally abandoned by them. They attempted to take away the Florida troops, but they refused to go. Gen. Sherman has issued a proclamation, from Jacksonville, inviting the people to return to their allegiance, and many do so readily.

The sentiment of Eastern Florida is declared to be loyal, and many are willing to take up arms to defend themselves against rebel tyranny, and on one occasion, when the women even seized arms to protect themselves.

The national troops are treated to every hospitality the town affords, and the people state that they will go with the gunboats if the rebels, but measures have been taken to fully protect them.

## Preparations to Defend New Orleans.

Great preparations have been made at New Orleans, by the rebels, to resist the attack on that city by Porter's mortar fleet.

## The War in Arkansas.

The rebels in Arkansas, under Van Dorn and Price, are said to be weakened and disheartened, and to have retreated beyond the bottom of the Arkansas River, and Fort Smith. They are badly off for clothing and shoes, and are receiving supplies by the Arkansas river, which is now flooded. Pike's Indians having been panic-stricken by our artillery in the recent battle, have been sent back to their homes.

## A Skirmish in Missouri.

Our troops in Missouri have had another skirmish with Quantrell's rebel band, and drove them from Warrensburg, killing 9 men, wounding 17, and capturing 27 horses, our loss being 2 men killed and 9 wounded.

## Beaufort Occupied.

Gen. Burnside has taken possession of Beaufort, N. C., without opposition, but the rebel garrison in Fort Macon, though surrounded, and cut off from all supplies, still holds out.

## Miscellaneous.

On Saturday last, a detachment of our forces made a reconnaissance beyond Warrenburg junction, and had a slight skirmish, with the rebels, who retreated and burned the Rappahannock bridge.

Shipping Point, on the Potomac, has been occupied by U. S. troops.



## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The birds of passage flew to the north,  
They flew through the wild March sky,  
With silvery breasts, and dusky wings,  
The winds of March blew high.

The busy woodman leaned on his axe,  
And gazed from the silent hill,  
And northwards turned as they northwards flew,  
And gazing, followed them still.

How he loved in the flowery south,  
So fair and so free;  
Or flew his heart to a home in the north,  
With the peace-birds to-day?

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND

## GIFTS.

## A PARABLE FROM NATURE.

BY MRS. GATTY.

One—two—three—four—five; five neatly raked kitchen-garden beds, four of them side by side, with a pathway between; and close to the gravel walk, as it was for succession-crops of mustard and cress, which are often wanted in a hurry for breakfast or tea.

Most people have stood by such beds in their own kitchen-gardens on soft spring mornings and evenings, and looked for the coming up of the seeds which either they or the gardener had sown.

Radishes in one, for instance, and of all three sorts—white turnip, red turnip, and long-tail.

Carrots in another, and this bed had been dug very deep indeed—outsoff digging, as it were, two spades' depth, that the roots might strike freely down.

Onions in another. Beets in the fourth; both in the golden and red varieties; while the narrow slip was half mustard and half cress.

Such was the plan here, however; and here, for a time, all the seeds lay sleeping, as it seemed. For, as the long smooth raked beds stretched out dark and bare under the stars, they betrayed no symptoms of anything going on within.

Nevertheless, there was no sleeping in the case. The little seed grains were fulfilling the law of their being, each after its kind; the grains, all but their inner germs decaying; the germs swelling and growing, till they rose out of their rotten cradles, and made their way, through their earthen coverlid, to the light of day.

They did not all come up quite together, of course, nor all quite alike. But as to the time, the gardener had made his arrangements so cleverly, that none was very far behind his neighbor. And as to the difference of shape in the first young leaves, what could it signify? It is true the young mustards were round and thick; the cresses oval and pointed; the carrots mere green threads; the onions sharp little blades; while the beets had an odd, staring look. But they all woke up to the same life and enjoyment, and were all greeted with friendly welcome, as they appeared, by the dew, and light, and sunshine, and breezes so necessary to them all, children of one mother, dependent on the same influences to bring them to perfection.

What could put comparisons, and envyings, and heart burnings into their heads, so filling them either with conceit or melancholy misgivings? As if there was but one way of being right or doing right; as if every creature was not good after its kind, but must needs be good after somebody else's kind, or not be good at all!

It must have been some strolling half-informed grub, one would think, who had not yet come to his full senses, who started such foolish ideas.

It began with an inquiry at first, for no actual unkindness was meant.

"I find I get deeper and deeper into the soil every day," remarked the carrot. "I shall be I don't know how long, at last. I have been going down regularly, quite straight for weeks. Then I am tapering off to a long point at the end, in the most beautiful proportions possible. A traveller told me, the other day, this was perfection, and I believe he was right."

(That mischievous vagabond grub, you see!)

"I knew what it was to live near the surface in my young days," he went on; "but never felt solid enjoyment till I stuck deeply down, where all is so rich and warm. This is really being firmly established and satisfactory to one's self, though still progressing. I hope, for I don't intend to limit myself. Pray tell me," added he, good-naturedly enough, "how it fares with all the rest of you. I should like to know that your roots are as long and slim, and yellow as mine; doing as well, in fact, and sinking as far down. I wish us to be all perfect alike. Perfection is the great thing to try for."

"When you are sure you are trying in the right way," exclaimed some voices from the neighboring radish-bed (for the red and white turnips would always talk together). "But if long, slim, yellow roots, striking deep into the earth, are your idea of perfection, I advise you to begin life over again. Dear me! I wish you had consulted us before. Have we stopped going down long ago, and have been spreading out sideways and all ways, into stout, round, solid balls ever since; close white flesh throughout inside, and not yellow, but red without?"

"White, he means," shouted another.

"Red, I call it," repeated the first. "But no matter; certainly not yellow!"

"And 'Certainly not yellow!' cried they all.

"No," confirmed the chief speaker, "we are quite determined to hear you ramble on about growing longer and longer, and strongly advising you to keep your own counsel, and not mind us to say one word. We are friends, you know, and can be trusted; but you really must leave off wasting your powers and energy in the dark inside of the ground,

out of everybody's sight and knowledge. Come to the surface, and make the most of it, as we do, and then you'll be a credit to your friends. Never mind what the travellers say. They're nothing else to do but walk about and talk, and they tell us we are perfection too. Don't think about them, but about what we tell you, and alter your course at once. Roll yourself up into a firm round ball as fast as you can. You won't find it hard if you once begin. You have only to—"

"Let me put in a word first," interrupted one of the long-tailed radishes in the same bed; "for it is of no use to go out of one extreme into another, which you are on the high road to do if you are disposed to take Mr. Roundhead's advice, who ought to be ashamed, by the way, of forcing his very peculiar views upon his neighbors. Just look at us. We always strike moderately down, so we know it's the right thing to do, and that solid round balls are the most unnatural and useless things in the world. But, on the other hand, my dear friend, we have learnt where to stop, and a great secret it is, but one I fear you know nothing about at present; so the sooner you make yourself acquainted with it the better. There's a limit to everything but folly—even to striking deep into the soil. And as to the soil being better so very deep down, nobody can believe it, for why should it be? The great art is to make the most of what is at hand, as we do. Time enough to go into the depths when you have used up what is so much easier got at. The man who gathered some of us yesterday, called out, 'These are just right!' So I leave you to judge whether some other people we know of must not be wrong."

"You rather overwhelm me, I own," mused the Carrot; "though it's remarkable you do not agree together. Is it possible, however, that I have been making a great mistake all my life? What lost time to look back upon! Yet a ball; no, no, a ball! I don't think I could grow into a solid round ball were I to try for ever!"

"Not having tried, how can you tell?" whispered the Turnip-Radish persuasively. "But you never will, if you listen to our poor old-fashioned friend next door, who has been halting between two opinions all his life, will neither make an honest flat lump of it, as I do, nor plunge down and taper with you. But nothing can be done without an effort; certainly no change."

"That is true," murmured the Carrot, rather sadly; "but I am too old for further efforts myself. Mistake or no mistake, my fate is fixed. I am too far down to set up again, that's certain. But some of the young ones may try. Do you hear, dears? Some of you stop short, if you can, and grow out sideways and all ways, into stout, round, solid balls!"

"Oh, nonsense about round balls!" cried the long-tailed Radish in disgust; "what will the world come to, if this go on! Listen to me, youngsters, I beg. Go to a moderate depth, and be content; and if you want something to do, throw out a few fibres for amusement. You're firm enough without them, I know, but the employment will pass away time."

"There are strange delusions abroad just now," remarked the Onions to each other. "Do you hear all this talk about shape and way of growth? and everybody in the dark on the subject, though they seem to be quite unconscious of the fact themselves. That fellow chatted about solid balls, as if there was no such thing as growing layer upon layer, and coat over coat, at all!"

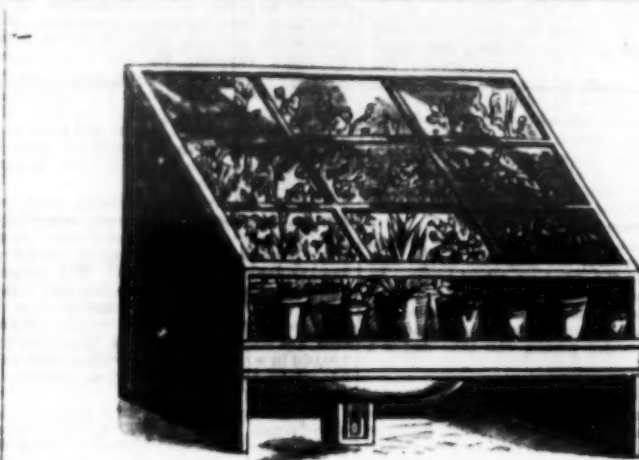
"Of course the very long yellow gentleman, with his tapering root, is most wrong of the party; but I doubt if Mr. Roundhead is much wiser when he speaks of close white flesh inside, and red, of all ridiculous nonsense, without. Where are their flaky skins, I should like to know? Who is ever to peel them, I wonder? Poor things, I can't think how they got into such ways. How tough and obstinate they must be! I wish we lived nearer. We would teach them a little better than that, and show them what to do."

"I have lived near you long enough," grumbled a deep-red Beet next door; "and you have never taught me; neither shall you, if I can help it. A pretty instructor you would be, who think it ridiculous to be red! I suppose you can't grow red yourself; and so abuse the color out of spite. Now I flatter myself I am red inside as well as out, so I suppose I am more ridiculous than the other fellow who contrived to keep himself white within, according to his own account; but I doubt the fact. There, there! it is folly to be angry; so I say no more, except this. Get red as fast as you can. You live in the same soil that I do, and ought to be able."

"Oh, don't call it red," exclaimed the golden variety, who were of a gentle turn of mind; "it is but a pale tint after all, and surely rather sallow than red; and perhaps that was what the yellow gentleman meant by the yellow he talked of."

"Perhaps it was, for perhaps he calls red yellow, as you call it amber," answered the other, "anyhow he has rather more sense than our neighbor here, with his layer upon layer, and coat over coat, and flaky skin over all. Think of wasting time in such fiddle-faddle proceedings! Grow a good honest fleshy substance, and have done with it, and let people see you know what life is capable of. I always look at results. It is something to get such a body as I do out of the surrounding soil. That is living to some purpose, I consider. Nobody makes more of their opportunities than I do, I flatter myself, or has more to show for their pains; and a great future must be in store."

"Do you hear them? oh, do you hear them?" whispered the Cress to her neighbor the Mustard (there had been several cresses, and this was one of the last). "Do you hear how they talk together of their growth and their roots, and their size, and color, and shape? It makes me quite unhappy, for I am doing nothing like that myself. Nothing, nothing, though I live in the same soil! What is to be done? What do you do? Do you grow great white solid balls, or long, yellow tapering roots, or thick red flesh, or



A NEW PROPAGATING CASE.

I have no doubt that many have often wished that they had facilities for propagating plants and flowers where bottom heat is necessary, such as starting very early tomatoes, cabbages and lettuce plants, striking cuttings of grapes, roses, &c., and starting early plants for the flower-garden. But to start the former very early, or to strike cuttings successfully, requires a gentle bottom heat, and an atmosphere completely under our control. The few who are fortunate enough to possess hot houses, have, of course, all the facilities for such purposes; but of the many who would like now and then to propagate a few plants or flowers for their own use, or pleasure, not one in one hundred has either hot-houses, or even hot-beds. And then the latter, (hot-beds) are really troublesome and expensive affairs, and but few can afford either the time consumed in making and tending them, or the expense of operating them.

For the possible benefit of these many, I propose to give a description of a small propagating case I had made for my own use, and which is now in successful operation.

It may be briefly described as a box, 33 inches long, 18 inches wide, 18 inches high in front, and 24 inches high at the back. Twelve inches above the bottom, we placed a zinc pan, or tray, two inches deep, and as large as the case would admit. This pan rest on cleats, nailed to the inside of the case.

On the under side of this zinc pan, we soldered the oval shaped copper bottom of a common cooking stove wash-bowl, such as may be found at almost any tinmith's. (Sheet iron, copper, or tin, may be used instead, if more convenient.) This forms a sort of boiler, about fifteen inches long, six inches wide, and two inches deep. It is filled through a tube, from the upper side. For convenience, this tube should be about six inches long, and one-half or three-fourths of an inch in diameter. On the top of the case, we simply lay two squares of glass. To prevent the glass from sliding off, the upper edge of the case is halved. The boiler is filled with water, a common fluid lamp is filled with alcohol, and placed under the copper boiler, burning fluid will answer, but is less clean, and is rather offensive to the smell; the zinc pan is covered one inch deep with clean sand, the pots (smallest size flower-pots) containing the seeds, or cuttings, are placed on the sand, a small thermometer is hung inside the case, the glass is laid on, and the miniature hot-house is in full operation. It should be placed near a window, where it can receive the benefit of the sun during the day. The thermometer should not be allowed to go below 50 degrees, nor above 60 degrees at night, but may rise to 70 degrees, and even 80 degrees, in the middle of the day. Care should be taken to ventilate well in the day time. This

layer upon layer, and coat over coat? Some of them talked of just throwing out a few fibres as a mere amusement to pass away time. And this is all I ever do for business. There will never be a great future in store for me. Do speak to me, but whisper what you say, for I shame to be heard or thought of."

"I grow only fibres too," groaned the Mustard in reply; "but I would spread every way and all ways, if I could. Downwards and upwards, and sideways and all ways, like the rest. I wish I had never been sown. Better never be sown and grown than sown and grown to such a trifling purpose! I am wretched indeed. But there must be injustice somewhere. The soil must give them what it refuses to us."

"Or we are weak and helpless, and cannot take in what it offers," suggested the Cress. "Alas! that we should have been sown only to be useless and unhappy!"

And they wept the evening through. But they alone were not unhappy. The Carrot had become uneasy, and could follow his natural tastes no longer in comfort, for thinking that he ought to be a solid round ball, white inside, and red without. The Onion had sore misgivings that the Beet might be right after all, and a good honest mass of red flesh be more worth laboring for, than the pale, coat-within-coat growth in which he had indulged. It did seem a waste of trouble, a fiddle-fiddle plan of life, he feared. Perhaps he had not gone down far enough into the soil. Some one talked of growing fibres for amusement—he had certainly not come to that; they were necessary to his support; he couldn't hold fast without them. Other people were more independent than he was, then, perhaps wiser—alas!

And yet the Beet himself was not quite easy; for talk as he would, what he had called fiddle-fiddle seemed ingenious when he thought it over, and he would like to have persuaded himself that he grew layer upon layer too. But it wouldn't do.

Perhaps, in fact, the bold little Turnip-Radishes alone, from their solid substantial growth, were the only ones free from misgivings, and believed that everybody ought to do as they did themselves.

What a disturbance there was, to be sure!

is done by raising the back edge of one or both panes of glass, according to circumstances. With these very general hints as to temperature and ventilation, there need be no difficulty in managing such a case successfully.

I have found that a steady flame, three-fourths of an inch high, from a single tube of a common fluid lamp, is amply sufficient for ordinary winter weather. (The larger the lamp the less trouble in filling it.)

My case is usually placed, when in operation, at the kitchen window. It looks well enough, however, to grace the windows of the sitting-room, or even parlor. Such a case should be made of well-seasoned wood, be dovetailed together, and thoroughly painted inside and outside. If the window be high, the case will need legs—or it may be placed on a table—so as to bring the pots near the glass. The lower half of the back of the case is hinged, for convenience of managing the lamp. My first case was but 12 inches deep at the back, and 6 inches in front, and the lamp had no protection against drafts of air. This was found to be troublesome, and I was obliged to box in the lamp. Now all the heat is saved, the lamp is secure, and the extra room is convenient for storing spare pots, &c.

As the boiler is placed in the centre of the case, it will readily be seen that that part will be the warmest. This is taken advantage of, by appropriating it to the use of such pots as need the most bottom heat, gradually removing them toward the edges as they need to be "hardened off." If the case is divided into two parts, by a partition, one part can be used, at pleasure, for this hardening off process, preparatory to placing the plants in the ground, or elsewhere.

These cases can be made of any size or style desired. They are neater, easier operated, and cost less than the ordinary hot-bed. The one above described, though placed in a room where the fire is never kept over night, and seldom even in the evening, consumes but one gallon of alcohol per month, at a retail cost of 60 cents—or two cents per twenty-four hours. The cost of the case was as follows:—

Lumber and making, \$2.35; copper boiler bottom, 70 cents; zinc and making of pan, &c., 25 cents; two squares glass, 50 cents; lamp, 20 cents; painting, 30 cents; castors (for convenience of moving), 17 cents; hinges, 6 cents; thermometer, 37 cents; total, \$5.50. These are city prices. In most localities they would be somewhat less.

The case of the above dimensions contains room for fifty-four No. 7 flower pots. It will be readily seen from this, that it can be made to do a great deal of work.—*Correspondent of New England Farmer.*

And it got worse and worse, and they called on the winds and fleeting clouds, the sun, and moon, and stars above their heads, to stay their course awhile, and declare who was right and who was wrong; who was using, who abusing his gifts and powers; who was making most, who least, of the life and opportunities they all enjoyed; whose system was the one the rest must all strive to follow—the one only right.

But they called and asked in vain, till one evening, the clouds which had been gathering over the garden for days began to come down in rain, and sank swiftly into the ground, where it had been needed for long. Whereupon there was a general cry, "Here comes a messenger; now we shall hear!" as if they thought no one could have any business in the world but to settle their disputes!

So out came the old inquiries again—who was right—who was wrong—who had got hold of the true secret? But the Cress made no inquiry at all, only shook with fright under the rain; for, thought she, the hour of my shame and degradation is come, poor, useless creature that I am, I shall never more hold up my head.

As to the Carrot, into whose well dug bed the root found easiest entrance, and sank deepest, he held forth in most eloquent style upon the whole affair—how it was started, and what he had said; how much he had once hoped; how much he now feared.

Now, the rain drops did not care to answer in a hurry; but as they came dropping gently down, they murmured, "Peace, peace, peace!" all over the beds. And truly they seemed to bring peace with them as they fell, so that a calm sank all around, and then the murmur proceeded:—"Poor little atoms in a boundless kingdom—each one of you bearing a part towards its fulness of perfection, each one of you endowed with gifts and powers especially your own, each one of you good after its kind—how came these cruel misgivings and heart-burnings among you? Are the valleys wrong because they cannot soar into the skies? Does the brook flow in vain because it cannot spread out like the sea? Is the sea only right because its waters only

are salt? Each good after its kind, each bearing a part in the full perfection of the kingdom which is boundless; the plan which is harmony—peace, peace, peace upon all!"

And peace seemed to fall more soothingly than ever upon the ground, as the shower continued to descend.

"How much more, then," resumed the murmur, "among you, to whose inner nature gifts and powers are given, each different from each; each good in its kind; each, if rightly carried out, bearing a part in that kingdom, which needs, for its full perfection, that there shall be hills to rise into the skies, valleys to lie low at their feet; some natures to go deep into the soil, others to rejoice on its surface; some to lie lightly upon the earth, as if scarcely claiming a home, others to grasp at it by wide-spread roots, and stretch out branches to the rivers; all good in their kind, all bearing a part towards the full perfection of that kingdom, whose children are countless as their nations are various; none useless, none in vain."

"Upon one, then, upon all—each wanted, each useful, each good after its kind—peace, peace, peace, peace, peace!"

The murmur subsided to a whisper, the whisper into silence; and by the time the moon shadows lay upon the garden there was peace everywhere.

Nor was it broken again; for henceforth even the Cress held up her head, she, also, good after her kind.

Only once or twice, that year, when the Carrots were gathered, there came up the strangest growths! thick, distorted lumps, that had never struck properly down.

The gardener wondered, and was vexed, for he prided himself on the digging of the carrot-bed. "Anything that had had any sense might have gone down into it," he was sure, he said. And he was not far wrong; but you see the Carrot had had no sense when he began to speculate, and tried to be something he was not intended to be.

Yet the poor clumsy thing was not quite useless after all. For, just as the gardener was about to fling it angrily away, he recollected that the cook might use it for soup, though it could not be served up at table such a shape as it was.

And this was exactly what she did.

## THE LOSS OF LIFE.

It is singular to see with what apathy people can now hear of the destruction of human life in the battles which are coming to be of every day occurrence. At the beginning of the war, the soldiers who fell by the hands of the rioters in Baltimore were looked upon as martyrs, and public sympathy and pity was stirred to its highest pitch. Now we hear that a hundred and fifty men were drowned when the Cumberland was sunk, and yet scarcely give them a thought, but talk of the relative strength of the Monitor and the Merrimack, as farmers would of two prize bulls in a cattle-show, or pugilists of the merits of two champions of the ring. We hear that in three days' hard fighting in Arkansas, the killed and wounded on each side numbered over a thousand, and yet we think only of the glorious victory achieved by Gen. Curtis, and its probable effect on the rebellion. It is the same hardy indifference with which doctors walk through the sick wards of a hospital, looking upon this or that piece of suffering humanity simply as a common or an interesting medical case—seeing only the disease and not the patient. It is an indifference to human suffering which comes by habit, and the wonder is only how we could have acquired it so readily. With the friends of the soldiers who have fallen in battle, the case is widely different. There have been many tender hearts lacerated by the events of the last week, and they deserve our warmest sympathy. Let us rejoice at the Union victories, but let us also not forget how many brave fellows have laid down their lives to sustain the honor of the stars and stripes.

## THE CHANNEL RAILWAY.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

The important and interesting discussion of the feasibility of connecting the railways of England and Continental Europe is again occupying the public attention of England.

The question of a Channel Railway which would effect this object is one which involves many considerations of vital importance. Can the natural barrier which the ocean has placed between England and the Continent be removed without obstructing the navigation of the Channel, and without endangering the national safety of the former in the event of a war, especially a war with France? It has long been a matter of doubt in England whether such a connexion was desirable, and whether its influence on trade and traffic, and on the communities interested in it, would be sufficiently beneficial to warrant the expenditure.

The doubts, however, of the expediency of a Channel Railway have already been resolved in its favor, and a competent authority has expressed the opinion, "that such a scheme, if carried out, would be remunerative to shareholders, and highly advantageous to the countries on both sides the Channel." As the same periodical gives it as the decision of the leading scientific, literary, and commercial authorities, that the scheme is really feasible, and that it will doubtless be accomplished some day, we will give, in Mr. Chalmers' own words, the plan which he proposes for carrying out this scheme, with the probable cost of the construction, and his estimate of the profit which would accrue from the working of the Channel Railway.

He says:—"It is sixty years since a scheme for a roadway under the English Channel was laid before Napoleon. After the introduction of railways, several plans were proposed to connect the roads of England and the Continent. 'The one that attracted most attention was the plan of a French engineer, in 1857. He proposed to form thirteen islands in the

Channel, by carrying material out to sea, dig down through the said islands into terra firma, and tunnel east and west.

"The consideration which this plan received in certain influential quarters, and from scientific men, warrants the belief that any feasible scheme would receive more countenance now, as the removal of the French passport system, and the adoption of the new commercial treaty, will greatly increase the trade and travel between England and the Continent.

"The plan I propose will give a double line of rails for two gauges, capable of carrying all ordinary trains at the usual speed on the best roads. The work could be completed in five years in a substantial manner, for £12,000,000, and the statistics of trade and travel between England and the Continent warrant the assumption that the revenue would equal ten per cent. per annum on this amount. My scheme consists in submerging tubes of suitable dimensions, and loading them down, and makes ample provision for ventilation, light, safety, and comfort, while the shore embankments would form magnificent harbors of refuge on each side of the Channel. I will be happy to show plans, sections, elevations, and detailed specifications, and estimates to parties interested.

"The method of joining the tubes under water has been pronounced by competent engineers ingenious, simple, and efficient.

(ESTIMATED) ABSTRACT OF COST.

1 Deep-sea Tower, or Ventilator, placed in 37 fathoms,	£485,000	
3 do., in 11 fathoms,	475,000	£960,000 0
364 Tubes, each 400 feet long, 25 feet diameter, @ £25 per ton,	£4,190,184	
528 Flanges for do., @ £125 each,	66,000	
Laying do., @ £4,000 each tube of 400 ft.,	1,066,000	5,318,544 0
1,320 Anchors, or Boxes, for Stone-loading, 5 each tube, each 25 tons, @ £16,	485,760 0	
Leveling Bottom, and Covering Tubes with Broken Stones, &c., 7,431,108 yards, @ 5s.,	1,857,777 0	
Embankments, Blocks of Stone, Chalk, &c., 2,900,000 00 yards, @ 5s.,	725,000 0	
Tunnel Approaches, Roadway, Triple Rails for Two Gauges,	400,000 0	
Engines and Furnishing for Ventilators,	150,000 0	
1,000 Lamps and Fittings, @ £30 each,	30,000 0	
Preliminaries, Tools, and Contingencies,	2,032,019 0	
Total,	£12,000,000 0	

(ESTIMATED) PROBABLE REVENUE.

1,066,000 Passengers per annum, @ 8s. 6d.,	£479,062 10
912,500 Tons, Freight, do., @ 12s. 6d.,	570,312 10
Express Mails, Bul-lions, Extra Bag-gage, per annum (say)	350,000 00
Total Annual Revenue,	£1,399,375 00
(Estimated) Annual Expenditure,	70,187 10
Net Revenue,	£1,229,187 10

The estimates of the French engineer above alluded to made from data furnished by the railway and steamboat companies in 1856 were—freight, and passage, £1,041,066 13 04

My estimates, 1861, without data, or any knowledge of his, were—freight and passage, 1,049,375 00 00

A scientific contemporary considers the means proposed by Mr. Chalmers for guiding the tubes correctly to their position under water as insufficient, but he by no means doubts the practicality of placing the sections of a large tube correctly on the bottom of the Straits of Dover.

As regards the joining of the sections, he sees no insurmountable difficulty, as the immense hydrostatic pressure forcing the flanges together would, in his opinion, right the tube, even if it were somewhat out of line. The arrangements for keeping down the tubes are considered by the same authority sufficient and reliable as far as they go; and, on the whole, there seems to be a general conviction of the feasibility of connecting the railway systems of England and the Continent by means of a roadway with submerged tubes.

The peculiar feature of Mr. Chalmers' scheme, which should not be lost sight of, is, as our contemporary remarks, the hydrostatic pressure, in enabling him to join his tubes from the inside, as the depth is far too great to admit of the use of the diving-bell for connecting the sections on the outside. The value of this principle can only be tested by experiments, for which the forthcoming summer will be the most convenient time, as the International Exhibition of 1862 will bring together scientific men from all parts of the globe.

THE GARDENS OF ROME.—The gardens of Rome are very happily daguerrotypied in a late number of the Cornhill Magazine. "All round about Rome there are ancient gardens lying basking in the sun. Gardens and villas built long since by dead cardinals and popes; terraces with glistening shadows, with honey-suckles clambering in desolate luxuriance; roses flowering and fading and falling in showers on the pathways; and terraces and marble steps yellow with age. Lonely fountains splash in their basins; statues of fauns and slender nymphs stand out against the solemn horizon of blue hills and crimson-streaked sky; of cypress trees and cedars with the sunset showing through their stems. At home I lead a very busy, anxious life—and the beauty and peace of these Italian villas fill me with inexpressible satisfaction and gratitude towards those mouldering pontiffs whose magnificent liberality has secured such placid resting-places for generations of weary men."



## A SERENADE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY AUGUST BELL.

Dream your sweet dreams, lady, think not of  
sorrow,  
Smile in your slumber to feel kisses fall;  
There are strong men who are dreading the  
morning,  
Tired eyes are watching with sleep at all.

Wake, lady, wake in the morning's glad glow,  
Sunshine is yours by your fair face's right;  
But, oh, there are hearts that are sickening with  
woe,  
That moaned for the more and will weary for  
night.

Laugh, lady, laugh, as your baby creeps noiser,  
Softly the laugh rings, sweet to the ear;  
But I hear a heart-breaking cry that is clearer,  
Of comfortless mothers with dead darlings  
near.

Pure-hearted lady, look out at the even  
Up at God's stars, and thank Him you are so;  
But, oh, my poor sisters who dare not face  
Heaven,  
With no hand to save, those calm stars below!

Dream your sweet dreams, lady, still with that  
smile,  
Live in the sunshine and think not of care;  
But God hath some left who will serve Him the  
while  
In byways and prisons and haunts of despair.

You have brilliant blossoms and gems that are  
rare,  
You smooth down your silk with a hand snowy  
white;  
Some carry God's lifeline, and one day will wear  
A crown of His also and raiment of light!

New London, Conn.

## THE INDIAN SCOUT.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

## CHAPTER XL.

## THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

Marksmen was not mistaken. Two parties  
of Redskins, one led by Addick and Don Es-  
tevan, the other by Atoyac, were pursuing  
the Gambusinos.

We will explain to the reader, in a few  
words, this apparent alliance between Addick  
and Atoyac. In the last chapter we stated  
that Marksmen surprised the Amantzin list-  
ening at the door, and though the High  
Priest did not understand a word of Spanish,  
and consequently, could not follow the con-  
versation, he noticed a certain degree of an-  
imation which appeared to him suspicious.  
Still, as he did not dare openly to oppose the  
ceremony of the great medicine, which was  
to take place in the same evening, he im-  
parted his suspicions to Atoyac. The latter, al-  
ready badly disposed towards the two men,  
feigned, however, to be astonished at the sud-  
den doubts of the Amantzin, and treated them  
as visionary. But at length, as the old  
man pressed him, and seemed strongly per-  
suaded that there was some machination hid-  
den behind the jugglery of the self-called  
medicine-men, he consented to watch what  
occurred on the hill, and be ready to  
hurry to the Amantzin's assistance, should he  
be the dupe of any trickery.

This being properly arranged, so soon as  
the procession with the captives left Queipua  
Tani, Atoyac followed it with a band of war-  
riors picked from his relatives and friends,  
and, on arriving at the foot of the mound, he  
climbed up it through the grass, prepared to  
see and hear all that occurred.

On hearing the prayers of the few men, the  
Chief was on the point of regretting his  
coming. The noise of voices soon ceased,  
and Atoyac, supposing that muttered prayers  
were now going on, waited. Still, as the  
silence was prolonged, Atoyac determined to  
climb to the top of the mound, and was ut-  
terly astounded at finding only the Amantzin  
and the warriors lying on the ground. At  
first he believed they were dead, and sum-  
moned his comrades who had remained at  
the bottom of the hill. The latter ran up at  
full speed, and lifted up the sleepers, whom  
they shook violently without being able to  
arouse them. Atoyac then guessed a portion  
of the truth; he called to mind the signal he  
had heard, and not doubting that the fugi-  
tives had gone towards the forest, he rushed  
after them with a yell.

Atoyac was the first to perceive the party,  
and he it was who fired the shot which killed  
the Gambusino. But the position of the  
whites was becoming critical; for, on arriving  
at the edge of the forest, they found them-  
selves suddenly stopped by Addick's party,  
which charged furiously. The ladies were  
in the centre of the Gambusinos protected by  
Don Mariano and Brighteye, and hence were  
in comparative safety.

While Marksmen and Ruperto wheeled  
round to repulse the attack of Atoyac's war-  
riors, and cover the retreat, Don Miguel,  
wielding a club, which he took from a wound-  
ed Apache, rushed into the thick of the fight  
with the leap of a tiger at bay. The com-  
batants, who were too close together to employ  
their fire-arms, murdered each other with  
knives and lances, or with fearful blows of  
clubs and rifle butts.

The fearful carnage lasted twenty minutes,  
excited by the savage yells of the Indians,  
and the no less savage shouts of the Gam-  
businos. At length, by a desperate effort, Don  
Miguel succeeded in bursting the human dyke  
that barred his progress, and rushed, follow-  
ed by his comrades, through the wide and  
bloody gap he had opened, at the loss of ten  
of his most resolute men, leaving Marksmen  
to oppose the last efforts of the Redskins.  
Don Miguel collected his men around him,  
and all hurried into the depths of the forest,  
when they speedily disappeared.

At sunrise, the adventurers reached the  
grotto where they had once before sought  
shelter, and Don Miguel gave the order to

halt. It was time. The horses, panting with  
fatigue, could scarce stand; besides, whatever  
diligence the Apaches might display, the ad-  
venturers were a whole night in advance of  
them, hence they could take a few hours of  
indispensable rest.

Marksmen, who soon arrived with the rear-  
guard, confirmed Don Miguel's views. The  
Redskins, according to his report, had sud-  
denly returned towards the city.

The news redoubled the serenity of the ad-  
venturers. While the Gambusinos, in differ-  
ent groups, were preparing a meal, and at-  
tending to their wounds, and the maidens,  
who had retired into the grotto, were sleep-  
ing on a pile of furs and sarapes, Don Miguel  
and the two Canadians were bathing, in  
order to remove the traces of Indian paint,  
and, after dressing in their proper clothes,  
they went to get a few minutes' rest.

Don Miguel alone entered the grotto.  
Eglantine, seated at the feet of the sleeping  
girls, lulled them gently with the plaintive  
melody of an Indian song. Don Mariano  
was asleep not far from his daughter. The  
young man thanked the Chief's wife with a  
grateful smile, lay down across the entrance  
of the grotto, and fell asleep too, after assur-  
ing himself that sentries were watching over  
the common safety.

The first words of the maidens, on awak-  
ing, were to thank their liberators. Don  
Mariano was never wearied of caressing his  
daughter, who was at length restored to him;  
and he knew not how to express his grati-  
tude to Don Miguel. Dona Laura, with all  
the naïve frankness of a young heart, to  
which evasion is unknown, could not find  
words sufficiently strong to express to Don  
Miguel the happiness with which her heart  
overflowed. Dona Luisa alone remained  
gloomy and thoughtful. On seeing with  
what devotion and readiness Don Miguel,  
with no other interest than that of serving  
them, had so frequently risked his life, the  
maiden discovered the greatness and nobil-  
ity of the adventurer's character; hence  
love entered her heart, the more violent be-  
cause the object yet did not seem to per-  
ceive it.

Love renders persons clear-sighted. Dona  
Luisa soon understood why her companion  
continually boasted to her of the young man's  
generous qualities, and she guessed the se-  
cret passion they felt for each other. A cruel  
pang gnawed her heart at this discovery; in  
vain did she struggle against the horrible tor-  
tures of an unbridled jealousy, for she felt  
that Don Miguel would never love her. Still,  
the young girl yielded hopelessly to the  
chance of seeing and hearing the man for  
whom she would have gladly laid down  
her life. As for Don Miguel, he heard no-  
thing, saw nothing; he was intoxicated with  
joy, and indulged in the voluptuous felicity  
with which Dona Laura's presence inunda-  
ted him, as she sat, lovely and carelessly be-  
tween himself and her father.

Fortunately Marksmen was not in love,  
and he saw clearly the dangers of the position.  
He summoned a council, in which it was re-  
solved that they should proceed in all haste  
toward the nearest Mexican frontier, in order  
to place the ladies in safety, and escape from  
any pursuit on the part of the Indians. They  
must hasten, however, for, owing to an un-  
lucky coincidence, it was that period of the  
year called by the Redskins the "Moon of  
Mexico," and which they had selected for  
their periodical depredations on the frontiers  
of that happy country. Marksmen prom-  
ised to reach the clearings in four days, by  
roads known to himself alone.

They set out.

The adventurers were not disturbed in their  
rapid flight, and, as Marksmen had announced,  
on the afternoon of the fourth day the party  
crossed a ford of the Rio Gela and entered  
Sonora. As they advanced, however, on the  
Mexican territory, the hunter's brow grew  
gloomy, and the glances he turned in every  
direction denoted an anxious mind. The fact  
was, that the country, which should have ap-  
peared at this season so luxuriant in vegeta-  
tion, looked so strange and desolate as to chill  
the heart. The fields turned up and trampled  
by horses' hoofs, the ruins of burnt jacals,  
scattered here and there; ashes piled up in  
places where mills must once have stood,  
evidenced that war had passed along there,  
with all the horrors that march after it.

About two leagues off, the houses of a fort-  
ified pueblo, an old presidio, could be seen  
glistening in the last beams of the sun. All  
was calm in the vicinity; but the calmness  
was that of death. Not a human being was  
visible; no *mananitas* appeared on the deso-  
lated prairie; the *remosa* of the mules, the  
calls of the *hena*, could be neither seen nor  
heard. On all sides, a leaden silence, a mourn-  
ful tranquillity, brooded over the scene, and  
imparted to it, in the gay light of the sun, a  
crushing aspect.

Suddenly Brighteye, who rode a little ahead  
of the party, pulled up his horse, which had  
shied so violently as nearly to throw him,  
and looked down with a cry of surprise.  
Don Miguel and Marksmen hurried up to  
him.

A frightful spectacle offered itself to the  
three men. At the bottom of a ditch that  
ran along the road, a pile of Spanish corpses  
lay pell-mell, horribly disfigured, and stripped  
of their scalps.

Don Miguel ordered a halt, not knowing  
whether to advance or retire: it was permis-  
sible to doubt under such circumstances. If  
they pushed on to the presidio, it was proba-  
bly deserted, or perhaps the Redskins had  
seized on it. Still some determination must  
be formed within an hour. Don Miguel at  
length noticed a ruined hacienda about five  
miles to their right; though precarious, the  
shelter it afforded was better than bivouac-  
ing on the plain. The adventurers pushed  
on, and soon reached the farm.

The hacienda bore traces of fire and de-  
vastation; the cracked walls were blackened  
with smoke, the windows and doors broken  
in, and several male and female bodies, half  
consumed, were piled up in the patio. Don  
Miguel led the trembling girls to a room,  
after the ruins choking the entrance had

been removed; then, after urging them not  
to leave it, he joined his companions, who,  
under Brighteye's directions, were settling  
themselves as well as they could in the ha-  
cienda. Marksmen had gone out scouting with  
Ruperto. Don Mariano, excited by paternal  
love, had turned engineer, and, with the help  
of a dozen adventurers, was putting the house  
in the best state of defence possible.

Like all Mexican frontier haciendas, this  
one was surrounded by a tall crenelated wall,  
Don Miguel had the gate blocked up; then,  
returning to the house, he ordered the doors  
and windows to be put in, had loopholes  
pierced, and placed sentries round the wall,  
and on the azotea. After this, he gave Bright-  
eye the command of twelve resolute men,  
and ordered them to ambush behind a wood-  
covered mound, which rose about two hun-  
dred yards from the hacienda. He then  
counted his forces; including Don Mariano  
and his two servants, he had but twenty-one  
men with him, but they were adventurers,  
determined to die to the last man sooner than  
surrender. Don Miguel did not lose all hope,  
and when these precautions were taken, he  
waited. Ruperto soon arrived, and his re-  
port was not reassuring.

The Redskins had seized the presidio by  
surprise; the town had been plundered, then  
abandoned; it was completely deserted. Nu-  
merous parties of Apaches were visible in all  
directions, and it seemed certain that the ad-  
venturers could not proceed a league from the  
hacienda without falling into an ambush.

Marksmen at length arrived. He brought  
with him forty Mexican soldiers and pen-  
sants, who had been wandering about at ha-  
zard for two days, at the risk of being sur-  
prised by the Redskins, who pitilessly mas-  
sacred every white man who fell into their  
hands. Don Miguel gladly received this un-  
expected help—a reinforcement of forty men  
was not to be despised, especially as they  
were all armed, and capable of doing good  
service. Marksmen, as a good forger, also  
brought with him several mules, laden with  
provisions. The worthy Canadian thought  
of everything, and nothing escaped him.  
When the men had been stationed at the  
spots most exposed to a surprise, Don Miguel  
and Marksmen ascended the azotea, to have  
a look at the neighborhood.

Nothing had changed; the plain was still  
deserted. The calm was of evil augury.  
The sun set in a mass of red vapor; the light  
suddenly lessened, and night arrived, with its  
darkness and its mysteries. Don Miguel,  
leaving the Canadian alone, went down to  
the apartment which served as a refuge to  
the three females. The ladies were seated,  
sad and silent.

Eglantine walked up to him.  
"What does my sister want?" the young  
man asked.

"Eglantine wishes to go," she answered, in  
her soft voice.

"What, go?" he exclaimed, in surprise; "it  
is impossible. The night is dark; my sister  
would run too much danger on the plain;  
the calls of her tribe are far away on the  
prairie."

Eglantine assumed her usual pout as she  
shook her head.

"Eglantine will go," she said impatiently.  
"My brother will give her a horse; she must  
join Flying Eagle."

"Alas! my poor girl, Flying Eagle is far  
away at this moment, I am afraid; you will  
not find him."

The girl raised her head quickly.

"Flying Eagle does not desert his friends,"  
she said; "he is a great Chief. Eglantine is  
proud to be his squaw. Let my brother suf-  
fer for her to go. Eglantine has in her heart  
a little bird, that sings softly, and tells her  
where the sachem is."

Don Miguel suffered from considerable  
perplexity; he could not consent to what the  
Indian girl asked him; he felt a repugnance  
to abandon the woman who had given them  
so many proofs of devotion since she had  
been among them. At this moment he felt a  
tap on his shoulder; he turned and saw  
Marksmen.

"Let her go," he said; "she knows better  
than we do why she acts thus. The Red-  
skins never do anything without a reason.  
Come, dear child, I will accompany you to  
the gate, and give you a horse."

"Go, then," Don Miguel said; "but remem-  
ber that you leave us against my wish."

Eglantine smiled, and kissed the two  
ladies, merely whispering one word to them.  
"Courage!"

Then she followed Marksmen.  
"Poor, good creature!" Don Miguel mut-  
tered; "she wants to try and be of use to us  
again, I feel convinced." Then he turned to  
the ladies.

"Ninae," he said to them, "regain your  
courage. We are numerous. To-morrow,  
at sunrise, we shall start again, with no fear  
of being disturbed by the Indian maraud-  
ers."

"Don Miguel," Dona Laura answered,  
with a sad smile, "you will try in vain to  
reassure us. We heard what the men said  
to each other; they are expecting an at-  
tack."

"Why not be frank with us, Don Miguel?"  
Dona Luisa added. "It is better to tell us  
openly in what position we are, and to what  
we are exposed."

"Good heavens! do I know it myself?"  
he replied. "I have taken all the necessary  
precautions to defend the hacienda to the last  
extremity, but I trust that our trail will not  
be discovered."

"You are deceiving us again," Dona Laura  
said, in a reproachful voice, so gentle, that it  
went straight to the young man's heart.

"Besides," the adventurer continued, not  
wishing to answer the interruption, "be-  
cause, senoritas, that, in case of an attack,  
we shall all die, my comrades and myself,  
ere an Apache can cross the threshold of this  
door."

"The Apaches!" the maidens exclaimed,  
for the recollection of their captivity was  
still quivering in their hearts, and they trem-  
bled at the mere thought of falling into their  
hands again. Still this movement of terror

did not last an instant. Dona Laura's face  
immediately assumed the angelic expression  
habitual to it, and she answered Don Miguel  
with the softest possible intonation in her  
voice.

"We have faith in you; we know that  
you will do all that is humanly possible to  
save us. We thank you for your devotion;  
we know that our fate is in the hands of  
God, and we place confidence in Him. Act  
like a man, Don Miguel. Do not trouble  
about us further, but, I implore you, watch  
over my father."

"Yes," Dona Luisa added, "do your duty  
bravely; for our part, we will do ours."

Don Miguel looked without understanding  
her. She smiled and blushed, but said no  
more.

The young man seemed desirous to say a  
few words, but, after a moment's hesitation,  
he bowed respectfully, and left the room.  
Laura and Luisa then threw themselves in  
each other's arms, and embraced tenderly.

When Don Miguel entered the patio,  
Marksmen walked up to him, and pointed to  
several rows of black dots in the distance, ap-  
parently crawling in the direction of the ha-  
cienda.

"Look!" he said, dryly.

"They are Redskins!" Don Miguel ex-  
claimed.

"I have seen them for the last ten  
minutes," the hunter continued; "but we  
have time yet to prepare for their reception.  
They will not be here for an hour."

In truth, an hour passed away in this  
state of horrible expectation.

Suddenly the hideous head of an Apache  
appeared over the door of the court, and  
looked curiously down into the patio.

"No one can form an idea how impudent  
these Indians are," Marksmen said, with a  
grin; and, raising his axe, the body of the  
Apache rolled outside, while his head fell,  
with grinning teeth, almost at Don Miguel's  
feet.

Several attempts of the same nature, made  
at various spots, were repulsed with equal  
success. Then the Apaches, who had stat-  
tered themselves with the idea of finding the  
whites asleep, seeing, on the contrary, how  
badly they were received, uttered their war-  
yell, and rising tumultuously from the  
ground, where they had been hitherto crawl-  
ing, rushed toward the wall, which they tried  
to escalate on all sides at once.

A ball of fire flashed from the hacienda,  
and a shower of bullets greeted them. Many  
fell; but the impetus of the charge was not  
checked. A fresh discharge at point-blank  
range was impotent to repulse them, although  
it caused them enormous losses. The at-  
tackers and attacked were soon fighting hand  
to hand. It was an atrocious medley, a hor-  
rible carnage, in which the hands were only  
unclutched by death, and in which the con-  
queror, after dragging his conqueror down  
with him, strangled him in a last convulsion.  
For more than half an hour it was impos-  
sible to recognize each other; the rifles, the  
lances, the arrows, and machete strokes were  
interchanged with prodigious rapidity. At length  
the Indians fell back; the wall was not yet  
escaladed. It was but a short time; the Red-  
skins returned almost immediately to the  
charge, and the struggle recommenced with  
heightened fury. This time, in spite of the  
prodigies of valor performed by the ad-  
venturers, they were driven in by the mass  
of enemies that surrounded them, and com-  
pelled to fall back on the house, contending  
every inch of ground; but now the resistance  
could not last long.

All at once, shouts were heard in the rear  
of the Indians, and Brighteye poured on them  
like an avalanche, at the head of his party.  
The Redskins, surprised and alarmed at this  
unforeseen attack, gave way in disorder,  
and dispersed over the plain. Don Miguel rushed  
forward, at the head of twenty men, to sup-  
port Brighteye, and complete the defeat of  
the Indians. The adventurers pursued the  
Apaches, whom they furiously massacred;  
but all at once Don Miguel uttered a cry  
of surprise and rage.

While he had been led away in pursuit of  
the Apaches, other Indians suddenly spring-  
ing up in the space left free, rushed at the  
hacienda. The Gambusinos turned their  
horses round, and retraced their steps at full  
gallop. It was too late! The hacienda was  
invaded.

The combat then became a horrible car-  
nage—a nameless butchery. In the midst of  
the Apaches, Atoyac, Addick, and Don Es-  
tevan seemed to be multiplied, so rapid were  
their blows, so aroused was their fury. On  
the highest step of the flight, leading into  
the interior of the house, Don Mariano and  
some Gambusinos he had rallied were desper-  
ately resisting the repeated attacks of a  
swarm of Indians. Suddenly a bloody yell  
was spread before Don Miguel's eyes; a wild  
persecution poured down his face; the Apaches  
had forced the entrance, and were inundating  
the house.

"Forward! Forward!" Don Leo howled,  
throwing himself headlong into the medley.

"Forward!" Brighteye and Marksmen re-  
peated.

At this moment the two maidens appeared  
at the windows, closely pursued by the Red-  
skins, who seized them in their arms, and  
carried them off in spite of their shrieks and  
resistance. All was lost!

At this supreme instant, the war cry of the  
Comanches burst on the air, and a cloud of  
warriors, at the head of whom Flying Eagle  
galloped, fell like a thunderbolt on the Ap-  
aches, who believed themselves the victors.

Surrounded on all sides at once, after a heroic  
resistance, the latter were compelled to give  
ground, and seek safety in flight.

The adventurers were saved at a moment  
when they believed nothing was left them  
but to die, lest they should fall alive into the  
hands of their ferocious enemies.

## THE EPILOGUE.

The next morning, the sun, as it rose, shone  
on a touching scene in that hacienda, which  
had been the scene of so obstinate a contest.

The adventurers and the Comanche war-  
riors, who had arrived so fortunately for  
them, hastily removed, as far as was possible,  
the traces of the combat. The bodies of those  
who had fallen were piled up in a retired  
corner of the patio, and covered with straw.  
Comanche sentries guarded some twenty  
Apache prisoners, and the adventurers were  
busy, some bandaging their wounds, others  
digging wide trenches to inter the dead.

Under the saguan of the house, two men  
and a woman had been laid on trusses of  
straw, covered with sarapes. The woman  
was dead; it was Dona Luisa. The poor  
child, whose life had only been one long self-  
denial and continued devotion, was killed by  
Don Estevan, at the moment she blew out  
the brains of Addick, who was carrying off  
Dona Laura.

The two men were Don Mariano and  
Brighteye.  
Don Miguel and Laura were standing on  
either side of the old gentleman, anxiously  
watching for the moment when he should  
open his eyes.

Marksmen, sad and with a pale brow, was  
bending over his old comrade, who was on  
the point of death.

"Courage!" he said to him, "courage,  
brother, it is nothing."

The Canadian tried to smile.

"Hum! I know what it is," he said, in a  
broken voice; "I have ten minutes left at the  
most, and after that—"

He was silent for a moment, and seemed to  
be reflecting.

"Tell me, Marksmen," he went on, "do  
you believe God will pardon me?"

"Yes, my worthy friend; for you were a  
brave and good creature."

"I have always acted in accordance with  
my heart. Well, it is said that the mercy of  
God is infinite; I put my trust in Him."

"Hope, my friend, hope!"

"No matter. I was sure the Indians would  
never kill me; it was Don Estevan, look ye,  
who wounded me, but I split his skull open.  
The villain! I ought to have let him die in  
his pit, like a trapped wolf."

His voice grew momentarily weaker; his  
eye was more glassy; his life was ebbing fast.

"Pardon him! Now he is dead, he is no  
longer dangerous."

"Heaven be praised, I crushed the viper at  
last! Good bye, Marksmen, my old com-  
rade. We shall never hunt buffalo and elk  
together on the prairie; we shall no longer  
sound our war-cry against the Apaches.  
Where is Flying Eagle?"

"Pursuing the Redskins."

"Oh, he is a fine fellow. He was very  
young when I first knew him; it was in  
18—, I remember that I was returning  
from—"

He stopped. Marksmen, who had bent as  
close as possible over him, to hear the words  
he uttered in a voice that grew momentarily  
weaker, looked at him. He was dead.

The worthy hunter had surrendered his  
soul to God, without feeling the cruel ag-  
onies of death. His friend piously closed his  
eyes, knelt down by his side, and bowing his  
pale forehead, prayed fervently for his old  
comrade.

Don Mariano, in the meanwhile, had re-  
mained in the same state of apparent im-  
mobility. Don Miguel and Dona Laura  
each held a hand, and anxiously questioned  
his pulse. His two old servants were kneel-  
ing in a corner of the room, and weeping  
silently.

Suddenly Don Mariano uttered a deep  
sigh, a bright flush covered his face, his eyes  
opened, and for some minutes he seemed  
trying to recall his ideas, troubled by the ap-  
proach of death. At length he made a su-  
preme effort, sat up, and looking by turns  
at the young people, who had fallen on their  
knees, he drew their hands towards him and  
pressed them on his heart.

"Don Miguel," he said, in a powerful  
voice, "guard her! Laura, you love him, so  
be happy! My children, I bless you. Oh,  
God! In Thy mercy pardon the wretched  
man who is the cause of all our misfor-  
tunes. Lord, receive me into Thy bosom!  
My children, my children, we shall meet  
again!"

His body was suddenly agitated by a con-  
vulsive tremor, his features were contracted,  
and he fell back breathing his last sigh.

He was dead!

After performing the last duties to his old  
comrade, Marksmen followed Flying Eagle  
and his warriors. From that moment he was  
never heard of again; the death of Brighteye  
had broken all the energy and will in this  
powerful man. Perhaps he is still dragging  
out the last days of a wretched existence  
among those Indians with whom he formed  
the resolve of living.

The minute researches made by Don Leo  
de Torres, after his marriage with Dona  
Laura de Real del Monte, led to no result;  
hence the young man, to his great regret,  
was compelled to resign all hopes of ever  
paying this simple and yet great-hearted man  
the debt of gratitude he owed him.

## THE END.

A HINT TO THE GIRLS.—Our girls will  
have to take care hereafter to paint their  
cheeks with nature's "blush" only, to take  
heed and not to rinse the windows of the soul  
with the tincture of belladonna, and to guard  
against looking interestingly pale. The high-  
est court of England has ruled that want of  
leath in one of two engaged to be married,  
justifies the other in a breach of his or her  
promise; and as the ruling of the English  
courts is often adopted in our own, it is very  
probable that this will become a principle  
with our judges. So, young ladies, look to  
your calisthenics. Think that every time you  
paint your cheeks, dawdle too long over a  
novel, or omit to take your morning walk,  
your chances of marrying become less.

177 A Paris tribunal has decided that  
photographs are not works of art, and con-  
sequently are not protected by law.

## LOVE'S GREETING.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

Welcome again, as the May's scented blossoms,  
Welcome again to your home in this bosom.  
Oh! for the sweet blessed hour that has brought  
you  
Back to the arms that so long, long have sought  
you.

Welcome, oh! welcome, with wild-ringing laugh-  
ter,  
Tears that the evening dew sweeter and softer,  
Music and light in my soul's depth o'erflowing,  
Pulses that throbb—color coming and going—

Whisper that none but my lord's own shall listen,  
Glances where every fond second shall glisten,  
Claspings of hands that have long been sundered,  
Hearts brimming over with rapture and wonder:  
Thoughts like the green leaves so joyously  
dancing.

When warm sun and sweet winds around them  
are glancing!

Joy for me!—Joy! for you never will leave me,  
And now there is naught on the wide earth to  
grieve me.



## THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "DANBURY HOUSE," "EAST  
LYNNE," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

THE INKED SURPRISE.

The sweet bells of Helstonleigh Cathedral were ringing out in the summer afternoon. Groups of people lined the streets, more than the customary business of the day would have brought forth; some pacing with idle steps, some halting to talk with one another, some looking in silence towards a certain point, as far as the eye could reach; all waiting in expectation.

It was the first day of Helstonleigh Assizes; that is, the day on which the courts of law began their sittings. Generally speaking, the commission was opened at Helstonleigh on a Saturday; but for some convenience of the arrangements of the circuit, it was fixed this time for Wednesday; and when those cathedral bells burst forth, they gave the signal that the judges had arrived, and were entering the sheriff's carriage, which had gone out to meet them.

A fine sight, carrying in it much of majesty, was the procession, as it passed through the streets with its slow and stately steps; and although Helstonleigh saw it twice a year, it looked at it with gratified eyes still, and made the day into a sort of holiday. The trumpeters rode first, blowing the proud note of advance, and the long line of well-mounted javelin-men came next, their attire being that of the fine liveries of the high sheriff's family, and their javelins held in rest. Sundry officials followed, and the governor of the county sat in an open carriage, his long white wand raised in the air. Then appeared the beautiful, closed equipage of the sheriff, his four horses, caparisoned with silver, pawing the ground, for they chafed at the slow pace to which they were restrained. In it, in their scarlet robes and flowing wigs, carrying awe to many a young spectator, sat the judges; the high sheriff was opposite to them, and his chaplain by his side, in his gown and bands. A crowd of gentlemen, friends of the sheriff, followed on horseback, and a mob of ragamuffins brought up the rear.

To the amazed courts the procession took its way, and there the short business of opening the commission was gone through, when the judges re-entered the carriage to proceed to the cathedral, having been joined by the mayor and corporation. The melodious bells of Helstonleigh were still ringing out, not to welcome the judges to the city now, but as an invitation to them to come and worship God. Inside the grand entrance of the cathedral, waiting to receive the judges, stood the Dean of Helstonleigh, two or three of the chapter, two of the minor canons, and the king's scholars and choristers, all in their white robes. The bells ceased; the fine organ pealed out—and there were few finer organs in England than that of Helstonleigh—the vergers with their silver maces, and the deprecating old bedemen in their black gowns, led the way to the choir, the long scarlet trains of the judges being held up behind; and places were found for all.

The Reverend John Pye began the service; it was his week for chanting. He was one of the senior minor canons, and the head master of the college school. At the desk opposite to him sat the Reverend William Yorke, a young man who had but just gained his minor canonry.

The service went on smoothly until the commencement of the anthem. In one sense it went on smoothly to the end, for no person present, not even the judges themselves, could see anything was wrong. Mr. Pye was what was called "chanter" to the cathedral, which meant that it was he who had the privilege of selecting the music for the chants and other portions of the service, which the dean did not do himself. Now, the anthem he had put up for this occasion was a very good one, taken from the Psalms of David. It commenced with a treble solo; it was, moreover, an especial favorite of Mr. Pye's, and he disposed himself complacently to listen.

But no sooner was the symphony over, and the first notes of the chorister had sounded on Mr. Pye's ear, than his face slightly flushed, and he lifted his head with a sharp, quick gesture. That was not the voice which ought to have sung this fine anthem; that was a cracked, hoarse voice, which belonged to the senior chorister, a young man of seventeen, who was going out of the choir and the school at Michaelmas. He had done good service for the choir in his day, but his voice was breaking now; and the last time he had attempted a solo, the bishop (who interfered most rarely with the working of the cathedral, and, indeed, it was not his province to do so) had spoken himself to Mr. Pye on the conclusion of the service, and said the boy ought not to be put to sing alone again.

Mr. Pye bent his head forward to catch a glimpse at the chorister, five of whom sat on his side of the choir, the *decani*: five on the opposite, or *cantuari* side. So far as he could see, the boy, Stephen Bywater, who ought to have taken the anthem, was not in his place. There appeared to be but four of them; but the senior boy, with his clean, starched-out surplice, partially hid those below him. Mr. Pye wondered where his eyes could have been not to have noticed the boy's absence, when they had all been gathered round the entrance, waiting for the judges.

Had Mr. Pye's attention not been fully engrossed with his book, as the service had gone on, he might have seen the boy opposite to him, for there sat Bywater, before the bench of king's scholars, and right in front of Mr. Pye. Mr. Pye's glance fell upon him now, and he could scarcely believe it: he rubbed his eyes and looked, and rubbed again. Bywater there! and without his surplice!

braving, as it were, the head master! What could he possibly mean by this act of defiant insubordination? Why was he not in his place in the school? Why was he mixing with the congregation? But Mr. Pye could as yet obtain no solution to the mystery.

The anthem came to an end, the dean had bent his brow sternly at the solo, but it did no good; and, the prayers over, the sheriff's chaplain ascended to the pulpit to preach the sermon. He selected his text from St. John's Gospel: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

In the course of his sermon, he pointed out that the unhappy prisoners in the goal, awaiting the summons to answer before an earthly tribunal for the evil deeds which they had committed, had been led into their present miserable condition by the seductions of the flesh. They had fallen into sin, he went on, by the indulgence of their passions; they had placed no restraint upon their animal appetites and guilty pleasures; they had sunk gradually into crime, and had now to meet the penalty of the law. But did not blame, he asked, attach to those who had remained indifferent to their downward course, who had never stretched forth a friendly hand to rescue them from destruction, who had made no effort to teach and guide in the ways of truth and righteousness those outcasts of society? Were we, he demanded, at liberty to evade our responsibility by asking, in the words of earth's first criminal, "Am I my brother's keeper?" No; it was at once our duty and our privilege to engage in the noble work of man's reformation—to raise the fallen—to seek out the lost, and to restore the outcast; and this, he argued, could only be accomplished by a widely disseminated knowledge of God's truth, by patient, self-denying labor in God's work, and by a devout dependence on God's Holy Spirit.

At the conclusion of the service, the head master proceeded to the vestry, where the minor canons, choristers, and lay clerks kept their surplices; not the dean and chapter; they robed in the chapter house, and the king's scholars put on their surplices in the school room. The choristers followed Mr. Pye to the vestry, Bywater entering with them. The boys grouped themselves together; they were expecting to use their own expression—a row.

"Bywater, what is the meaning of this conduct?" was the master's stern demand.

"I had got no surplice, sir," was Bywater's answer—a saucy-looking boy with a red face, who had a propensity for getting into "rows," and, consequently, punishment.

"No surplice?" repeated Mr. Pye—for the like excuse had never been offered by a college boy before. "What do you mean?"

"We were ordered to wear clean surplices this afternoon, and I brought mine to college this morning, and left it here in the vestry, and took the dirty one home. Well, sir, when I came to put it on this afternoon, it was gone."

"How could it have gone? Nonsense, sir, who would touch your surplice?"

"But I could not find it, sir," repeated Bywater, "and the choristers know I couldn't; and they left me hunting for it when they went into the hall to receive the judges. I could not go into my stall, sir, and sing the anthem without my surplice."

"Hurst had no business to sing it," was the vexed rejoinder of the master. "You know your voice is gone, Hurst. You should have gone up to the organist, told him the case, and had another anthem put up."

"But, sir, I was expecting Bywater in every minute. I thought he'd be sure to find his surplice somewhere," was Hurst's defence. "And when he did not come, and it got too late to do anything, I judged it better to take the anthem myself than to give it to a junior, who would be safe to have made a mull of it. Better for the judges and other strangers to hear a faded voice in Helstonleigh Cathedral, than to hear bad singing."

The master did not speak. So far, Hurst's argument had reason.

"And I beg your pardon for what I am about to say, sir," Hurst went on, "but I hope you will allow me to assure you beforehand, that neither I nor my juniors under me have had a hand in this affair. Bywater has just told me that the surplice is found, and how; and blame is sure to be cast to us; but I declare that not one of us has been in the mischief."

Mr. Pye opened his eyes. "What now?" he asked. "What is the mischief?"

"I found the surplice afterwards, sir," Bywater said. "This is it."

He spoke meaningly, as if preparing them for a surprise, and pointed to a corner of the vestry. There lay a clean, but tumbled surplice, half soaked in ink. The head master and Mr. Yorke, the lay clerks and choristers, all gathered round, and stared in amazement.

"They shall pay me the worth of the surplices," spoke Bywater, an angry shade crossing his usually good-tempered face.

"And get a double flogging into the bargain," exclaimed the master. "Who has done this?"

"It looks as though it had been rubbed up for the purpose," cried Hurst, in his school-boy phraseology, bending down and touching it gingerly with his finger. "The ink has been poured on it."

"Where did you find it?" sharply demanded the master—not that he was angry with the boys before him, but he felt angry in his mind that the thing should have taken place.

"I found it behind the screen, sir," replied Bywater. "I thought I'd look there, as a last resource, and there it was. I should think nobody has been behind that screen for a twelvemonth past, for it's over the ankles in dust there."

"And you know nothing of it, Hurst?"

"Nothing whatever, sir," was the reply of the senior chorister, spoken earnestly. "When Bywater whispered to me what had occurred, I set it down as the work of one of the choristers, and I taxed them with it. But they all denied it strenuously, and I believe they spoke the truth. I put them on their honor."

The head master peered at the choristers. Innocence was in every face—not guilt; and he, with Hurst, believed he must look elsewhere for the culprit. That it had been done by a college-boy, there could be no doubt whatever; either out of spite to Bywater, or from pure love of mischief. The king's scholars had no business in the vestry; but just at this period the cathedral was undergoing repairs, and they could get in, if so minded, at any time of the day, the doors being left open for the convenience of the workmen.

The master turned out of the vestry. The cathedral was emptied of its crowd, leaving nothing but the dust to tell what had been, and the bells once more were pealing forth over the city. Mr. Pye crossed the nave, and quitted the cathedral by the cloister door, followed by the choristers. The school-room, once the large refectory of the monks, in monkish days, was on the opposite side of the cloisters, a large, large room, which you gained by steps, and whose high windows were many feet from the ground. Could you have climbed to those windows, so as to look from them, you would have beheld a fair scene. A clear river wound under the cathedral walls; beyond its green banks were greener meadows, stretching out in the distance; far famed hills, beautiful to look at, bounding the horizon. Close by, were the prebendal houses, some built with red stone, some covered with ivy, all venerable with age; pleasant gardens surrounded most of them, and dark old elms towered aloft, sheltering the rooks, which seemed as old as the trees.

The king's scholars were in the school room, cramming their surplices into bags, or preparing to walk home with them thrown upon their arms, and making enough hubbub to alarm the rooks. It dropped to a dead calm at sight of the master. On holidays—and this was one—it was not usual for the masters to enter the school after service. The school was founded by royal charter—its number limited to forty boys, who were called king's scholars, ten of whom, those whose voices were the best, were chosen choristers. The master marched to his desk, and made a sign for the boys to approach, addressing himself to the senior boy.

"Gaunt, some mischief has been enacted in the vestry, touching Bywater's surplice. Do you know anything of it?"

"No, sir," was the prompt answer. And Gaunt was one who scorned to tell a lie.

The master ranged his eyes round the circle.

"Who does?"

There was no reply. The boys looked at one another, a stolid sort of surprise for the most part predominating. Mr. Pye resumed:

"Bywater tells me that he left his clean surplice in the vestry this morning. This afternoon it was found thrown behind the screen, tumbled together, beyond all doubt purposely, and partially covered with ink. I ask, who has done this?"

"I have not, sir," burst forth from most of the boys simultaneously. The seniors, of whom there were three besides Gaunt, did not speak, but this was nothing unusual for the seniors, unless questioned expressly, or taxed with a fault, did not accustom themselves to voluntary denial.

"I can only think this has been the result of accident," continued the head master, "for it is incredible to suppose any one of you would wantonly destroy a surplice. If so, let that boy, whoever it may have been, speak up honorably, and I will forgive him. I conclude that the ink must have been spilt upon it, I say, accidentally, and that he then, in his consternation, tumbled the surplice together, and threw it out of sight behind the screen. It had been more straightforward, more in accordance with what I wish you all to be—boys of thorough truth and honor—had he candidly confessed to it. But the fear of the moment may have scared his good judgment away. Let him acknowledge it now, and I will forgive him; though of course he must pay Bywater for another surplice."

A dead silence.

"Do you hear, boys?" the master sternly asked.

No answer from any one; nothing but the continued silence. The master rose, and his countenance assumed its most severe expression.

"Hear further, boys. That it was one of you, I am convinced; and your refusing to speak compels me to fear that it was not an accident, but a premeditated wicked act. I now warn you, whoever did it, that if I can discover the author or authors, he or they shall be punished with the utmost severity, short of expulsion, that is allowed by the rules of the school. Seniors, I call upon your aid in this. Look to it."

The master quitted the school room, and Babel broke loose—questioning, denying, protesting, one of another. Bywater was surrounded.

"Won't there be a stunning flogging? Bywater, who did it? Do you know?"

Bywater sat himself astride over the end of a bench, and nodded. The senior boy turned to him, some slight surprise in his look and tone.

"Do you know, Bywater?"

"Pretty well, Gaunt. There are two fellows in this school, one's at your desk, one's at the third desk, and I believe they'd either of them do me a nasty turn if they could. It was one of them."

"Who'd you mean?" asked Gaunt, eagerly. Bywater laughed.

"Thank you. If I tell now, it may defeat the ends of justice, as the newspapers say. I'll wait till I am sure—and then, let him look to himself. I won't spare him, and I don't fancy Pye will."

"You'll never find out if you don't find out at once, Bywater," cried Hurst.

"Shan't I? You'll see," was the significant answer. "It's some distance from here to the vestry of the cathedral, and a fellow could scarcely steal there and steal back again without being seen by somebody. It was

done stealthily, mark you; and when folks go on stealthy errands they are safe to be met."

Before he had finished speaking, a gentleman-looking boy, of about twelve, with delicate features, a damask flush on his face, and wavy auburn hair, sprung up with a start.

"Why?" he exclaimed, "I saw—" And there he came to a sudden halt, and the flush on his cheek grew deeper, and then faded again. It was a face of exceeding beauty, refined almost as a girl's, and it had gained for him in the school the sobriquet of "Miss."

"What's the matter with you, Miss Charley?"

"Oh, nothing, Bywater."

"Charley Channing," exclaimed Gaunt, "do you know who did it?"

"If I did, Gaunt, I should not tell," was the fearless answer.

"Do you know it, Charley?" cried Tom Channing, who was one of the seniors of the school.

"Where's the good of asking that wretched little miff?" burst forth Gerald Yorke. "He's only a girl. How do you know it was not one of the lay-clerks, Bywater? They carry ink in their pockets, I'll lay. Or any of the masons might have gone into the vestry, for the matter of that."

"It wasn't a lay-clerk, and it wasn't a mason," stoically nodded Bywater. "It was a college boy. And I shall lay my finger upon him as soon as I'm a little bit surer than I am. I am three parts sure now."

"If Charley Channing does not suspect somebody, I'm not here," exclaimed Hurst, who had closely watched the movement spoken of, and he brought his hand down fiercely on the desk as he spoke. "Come, Miss Channing, just shell out what you know; it's a shame the choristers should lie under the ban; and of course we shall do so, with Pye."

"You be quiet, Hurst, and let Miss Charley alone," drawled Bywater. "I don't want him, or anybody else, to get pummeled to powder; I'll find it out for myself, I say. Won't my old aunt be in a way though, when she sees the surplice, and finds she has got another to make? I say, Hurst, didn't you croak out that solo? Their lordships in the wigs will be soliciting your photograph as a keepsake."

"I hope they'll set it in diamonds," retorted Hurst.

The boys began to file out, putting on their trenchers as they clattered down the steps. Charley Channing sat himself down in the cloisters on a pile of books, as if willing that the rest should pass out before him. His brother saw him sitting there, and came up to him, speaking in an undertone:

"Charley, you know the rules of the school; one boy must not tell of another. As Bywater says, you'd get pummeled to powder."

"Look here, Tom. I tell you—"

"Hold your tongue, boy!" sharply cried Tom Channing. "Do you forget that I am a senior? You heard the master's words. We know no brothers in school life, you must remember."

Charley laughed.

"Tom, you think I am a child, I believe. I didn't enter the school yesterday. All I was going to tell you was this. I don't know any more than you who inked the surplice; and suspicion goes for nothing."

"All right," said Tom Channing, as he flew after the rest; and Charley sat on, and fell into a reverie.

The senior boy of the school, you have heard, was Gaunt. The other three seniors, Tom Channing, Harry Huntley, and Gerald Yorke, possessed a considerable deal of power; but nothing equal to that vested in Gaunt. They had all three entered the school on the same day, and had kept pace with each other as they worked their way up it, consequently not one could be said to hold the priority; and when Gaunt quitted the school at the following Michaelmas, one of the three would become senior. Which? you may wish to ask. Ah, we don't know that, yet.

Charley Channing—a truthful, good boy, full of integrity, kind and loving by nature, and a universal favorite—sat tilted on the books. He was wishing with all his heart that he had not seen something which he had seen that day. He had been going through the cloisters in the afternoon, about the time that all Helstonleigh college boys included, were in the streets watching for the sheriff's procession, when he saw due of the seniors steal (Bywater had been happy in the epithet) out of the cathedral into the quiet cloisters, peer about him, and then throw a broken ink-bottle over into the graveyard, where the cloisters inclined. The boy stole away without perceiving Charley; and there sat Charley now, trying to persuade himself by some ingenious sophistry—which, however, he knew was sophistry—that the senior might not have been the one in the mischief; that the ink bottle might have been on legitimate duty, and that he threw it from him because it was broken. Charley Channing did not like these unpleasant secrets. There was in the school a code of honor—the boys called it so—that one should not tell of another; and if the head master ever went the length of calling the seniors to his aid, those seniors deemed themselves compelled to declare it, if the fault became known to them. Hence Tom Channing's hasty arrest of his brother's words.

"I wonder if I could see the ink-bottle there?" quoth Charley to himself. Rising from the books, he ran through the cloisters to a certain part, and there, by a dexterous spring, perched himself on to the frame of the open mullioned windows. The grave stones lay pretty thick in the square inclosed yard, the long, dank grass growing around them; but there appeared to be no trace of an ink bottle.

"What on earth are you mounted up there for? Come down instantly. You know the row there has been about the walls getting defaced."

"I am afraid, sir, you are in a settled melancholy." "No, madam, my melancholy won't settle; it has too much ground."

The speaker was Gerald Yorke, who had come up silently. Openly disloyal him young Channing dared not, for the seniors exacted obedience in school and out of it.

"I'll get down directly, sir. I am not hurting the wall."

"What are you looking at? What is there to see?" demanded Yorke.

"Nothing particular. I was looking for what I can't see," pointedly returned Charley.

"Look here, Miss Channing; I don't quite understand you to-day. You were excessively mysterious in the school, just now, over that surplice affair. Who's to know you were not in the mess yourself?"

"I think you might know it," returned Charley, as he jumped down. "It was more likely to have been you than I."

Yorke laid hold of him, clutching his jacket with a firm grasp.

"You insolent ape on two legs! Now, what do you mean? You don't stir from here till you tell me."

"I'll tell you, Mr. Yorke; I'd rather tell," cried the boy, sinking his voice to a whisper.

"I was here when you came peeping out of the college doors this afternoon, and I saw you come up to this niche, and fling away an ink-bottle."

Yorke's face flushed scarlet. He was a tall, strong fellow, with a pale complexion, thick, projecting lips, and black hair, promising fair to make a Hercules—but all the Yorkes were finely framed. He gave young Channing a taste of his strength; the boy, when shaken, was in his hands as a very reed.

"You miserable imp! Do you know who is said to be the father of lies?"

"Let me alone, sir. It's no lie, and you know it's not. But I promise you on my honor that I won't spill. I'll keep it in close, always, if I can. The worst of me is, I bring things out sometimes without thought," he added, ingenuously. "I know I do; but I'll try and keep in this. You needn't be in a passion, Yorke; I couldn't help seeing what I did. It wasn't my fault."

Yorke's face had gone purple with passion.

"Charles Channing, if you don't unsay what you have said, I'll beat you to within an inch of your life."

"I can't unsay it," was the answer.

"You can't!" reiterated Yorke, grasping him as a hawk would a pigeon. "How dare you brave me to my presence? Unsay the lie you have told."

"I am in God's presence, Yorke, as well as in yours," cried the boy, reverently; and I dare not tell a lie."

"Then take your whacking! I'll teach you what it is to invent fabrications! I'll put you up for—"

Yorke's tongue and hands stopped. Turning out of the private cloister entrance of the deanery, right upon them, had come Dr. Gardner, one of the prebendaries. He cast a displeased glance at Yorke, not speaking; and little Channing, touching his trencher to the doctor, flew to the place where he had left his books, caught them up, and ran out of the cloisters towards home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Turner, by way of a joke, once sent a picture to the exhibition so cunningly executed as to no occasion some doubt which side should be hung uppermost. The manager hung the picture upside down, but, having a doubt about it, wrote to Turner, stating what he had done, requesting an immediate reply. In due time it came to hand, and consisted merely of two words—"Turn her."

Old Isaac T. Hopper once reproved a friend of his for a speculation he had made in whiskey. "It was a good chance to turn a penny," said the man, "and I must live, you know." "If you deal in whiskey, I can't see the least necessity for it," said the stern philanthropist, "for your life will be a misfortune to the human race."

I have heard persons condemn fairy tales as "trash, unfit for children." But no properly balanced mind can subsist on bare facts; they must be varied by fancies, as the landscape by lights and shades. The rainbow spanning cloud or cataraet is not tangible; the frost pictures on the pane are unreal and evanescent; the world that trembles in the dew-drop does not exist therein; the hues of the flower, even—what are they but the fantasies of light? These are nature's fairy tales; yet in all her fictions she hides realities; and from the creations of the imagination truths exhale, as perfumes from the lily and the rose.

A lady asked a pupil at a public examination of the Sunday School, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read the Pharisees "strained at gnats, and swallowed camels."

There are many people whose whole wisdom consists in hiding their want of it.

It is only in the world of dreams that we have the rainbow without the storm.

Tennyson says that every sea is full of life. He should have excepted the Dead Sea.

The Star Spangled Banner which waves over the capitol of Tennessee, was for seven months sewed inside a bed quilt by a Union man of Nashville, who slept under it every night.

Rev. Dr. Magoon, in his prayer in the Assembly, prayed "that the men of principle might ever be our principal men." A very neat bon mot, and the Doctor can take the premium.

If law could drive all the evil out of the world, the people of New England would have been all saints about two centuries ago.

A London exchange says that a brewer's drayman lately died in that city, at the age of 31, who had for ten years drank ten or twelve quarts of beer in a day. And that's what ailed him.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would sicken at nothing.

"I am afraid, sir, you are in a settled melancholy." "No, madam, my melancholy won't settle; it has too much ground."

The rebels are entertaining the propriety of adopting a new flag. There is too much blue in their present standard. The best thing they can do is to adopt a white flag and come under the stars and stripes again, and behave themselves.

At Island No. 10 a balloon ascension from our lines have discovered that our bombs have generally fallen beyond the enemy's batteries.

Two guns, left by the rebels at Shipping Point battery, on the Potomac, have been taken by our troops and reloaded with Washington. Large numbers of rebel troops are congregating at Rappahannock to make a stand.

Gen. Cameron has tendered to Bayard Taylor the post of Secretary of the Russian Legation. It is as yet uncertain whether he will accept.

PARLIAMENT LINCOLN, at the instance of Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, has pardoned two British subjects convicted of mutiny on board of an American vessel.

THE Ocean Queen is being iron plated at New York. She is a very strong vessel.

A PATRIOTIC MOTHER.—The venerable mother—nearly if not quite foreveer—of one who recently fell bravely leading on his troops in battle, gave calmly upon the face of her son (says the Boston Transcript) after his body was brought home for burial. At last a movement was made by a friend to cover the face. The noble woman put him gently aside, and carefully performing the act herself, said:—"My son, I have covered you many times before; now I do it for the last time and with the flag of your country!"

GENERAL SHIELDS states that the rebels admit having had 11,000 men in the late battle near Winchester, and to have lost from 1,000 to 1,500 killed and wounded.

An Indiana regiment has occupied Columbia, Tennessee, and 2,000 United States troops have passed the Cumberland mountains and captured two rebel companies. A courier who had arrived at Knoxville, reports that from 4,000 to 6,000 United States troops were 25 miles from that place, and advancing.

THE lower House of the rebel Congress had passed a resolution advising that no cotton should be planted this year. The Senate negatived it.

TENNESSEE UNIONISTS.—The Hon. Emerson Etheridge has written a letter from Nashville, stating that the Hon. Wm. H. Polk, a brother of the late President Polk, is in that city, and that the Hon. W. B. Stokes is shortly expected. They are both strong Union men, and will co-operate with Governor Johnson in putting the state machinery into operation. Our national currency is as good there as in New York, while Confederate notes command only thirty cents on the dollar. The prospects of conciliation are encouraging.

SIAM.—Among the charming customs of the Siamese people is one which will particularly commend itself to people who hate children, and are bothered by noisy boys. Homocides in Siam is punishable as a regular tariff of prices. Thus the penalty for killing a babe of from one to three months is six "ticul," or about \$3.50; for a child of four years about \$10; for a boy of fifteen about \$15; and for a man between twenty-six and forty nearly \$30. Beyond the age of forty the penalties decrease, so that it is no more expensive to kill an old man from eighty-six to ninety years than an infant of two months. Women die the day invariably of the rates for males. Another custom is that which allows a man to kill out his wife to his creditor as a slave, and thus cancel his debt by means of her toll.

Trying Times in the Rebel Metropolis.—Not Whipped Since Dinner.

The Richmond correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent is disposed to look philosophically on the bright side of affairs. The following is an extract from one of his recent jovial epistles:

"You will naturally desire to know how the people in the Confederate metropolis stand these trying times—in fact it is evident that we are not safe, in these days of light-draft gun-boats



#### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

THE New York Times says: "Fanny Fern, we regret to hear, has felt obliged to separate from her husband, Mr. James F. Parton, whom she charges with inflicting upon her violent personal usage."

said Mr. ———, 'I have enough to  
me humble without adding that evil.'  
ll,' said Mr. Slidell, 'you don't know how  
it is sometimes. I advise you to try it.  
a great relief to me.'"

trouble the clerks much; for the instant  
discover trouble in deciphering them,  
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plied are thrown aside.

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## Wit and Humor.

### THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN  
BY JOHN G. BAXE.

Oh, I have a husband as good as can be;  
No woman would wish for a better than he!  
Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,  
But his love for me is uncommonly strong!

He has one little fault that makes me fret,  
He has always less money, by far, than debt;  
Moreover, he wallops me, now and then,—  
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to drink;  
And besides he is rather too fond, I think,  
Of playing at cards and dice, but then,  
Excepting that, he's the best of men!

He loves to chat with the girls, I know,  
To the way with men,—they're always so,—  
But what care I for his flirting, when,  
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

I can't but say I think he is rash,  
To pawn my pewter, and spend the cash;  
But how can I scold my darling, when,  
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

When soaked with tipple, he's hardly polite,  
But knocks the cockery, left and right,  
And pulls my hair, and growls again,—  
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

Yes—such is the loyalty I have shown;  
But I have a spouse who is all my own;  
As good, indeed, as a man can be,  
And who could ask for a better than he?

### A PHILOSOPHIC NEGRO.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from the Cumberland river, gives a humorous account of a colloquy with a philosophic African. He says:

I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, seated upon his bundle, leaning against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Flashed upon my inquiry that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy fighting regiments at the Fort Donelson battle and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Palafrican vein that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory serves me:

"Were you in the fight?"  
"Had a little taste of it, sa."  
"Sood your ground, did you?"  
"No, sa, I run."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"  
"Yes, sa, and would hab run sooner, had I knowed it was comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage?"  
"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my perfeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"  
"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"  
"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"  
"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld—more dan a million ob dollars, sa; for what would dat be worth to a man w'd be bref ob him? Self-prosperashun an de fust law w'd me."

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"  
"Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de vanities."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

### ONE OF THE "MEMBERS."

A year or two since, a Mr. B. was elected to represent the town of Shelburne, N. H., in the Legislature. He was a plain old farmer, full of sound sense, and ready for any real work that was needed. When he made his appearance at the State House, it must be confessed that his *tout ensemble* was anything but fashionable. His hat was a perfect relic of antiquity—his coarse frock and trousers of genuine dapple-gray, homespun—his shirt-bosom the product of his wife's own loom, and his boots of the thickest and most substantial cowhide. As Mr. B. entered the lobby, there were several young "members" standing about the fire, and supposing the newcomer to be only a visitor, they merely cast a glance at his weather-browned face, turned up their noses at his verdant look, and then continued their conversation. B. took a seat near the stove.

"No room here for visitors," said one of the flippants.  
"Oh, I am a member."  
"You a member?" uttered the first speaker.  
"Sartin," responded B., in a mild tone.  
"Where from?"  
"Shelburne."

"Well," said the fashionably-dressed "member," with a disdainful look at the rough, coarse dress of the farmer, "haven't the folks in Shelburne got anybody else to send here?"  
"Oh, as for that matter," responded Mr. B., with perfect good-nature, "I s'pose there's a good many men there that knows more'n I do, but they hasn't any 'em got any clothes that's fit to wear!"

The bedfellows were floored, and before the session closed, they found that the "member from Shelburne" could see through a question as far as they could see around it.

"Why is an author the most peculiar of animals? Because his tale comes out of his head."  
"Drop me a line," said the drowning man, said to the fellow on deck.

## REPORTERS' ENGLISH.

*Pen-and-Ink.* English.

A person rejoicing in the cognomen of Smith.

Who lives not a thousand miles from Brixton.

Great excitement was occasioned throughout the entire district of Marylebone by a report that—

Employment will be given to gentlemen of the long robe.

The devouring element extended its ravages to the adjacent edifice.

The forthcoming racing meeting is a most engrossing topic of conversation among the racing fraternity.

The audience manifested their appreciation of the effort made for their entertainment by frequent and hearty plaudits.

The commodious erection for the accommodation of the vaccine attendants at the market was yesterday inaugurated.

The performance of the National Anthem brought a delightful evening to an appropriate termination.

The worthy Magistrate, who seemed horrorstruck at the revolting details which were presented to his attention, addressed the prisoner in the most impressive manner.

Finally the electric wire flashed the welcome message that we had not to chronicle an addition to the records of railway casualties.

One of those gratifying reunions which tend so happily to diversify the relations between employers and employed, was witnessed on Tuesday, when the well-known hostelry, at Highgate, under the charge of "mine host," Mr. Burly, opened its hospitable doors, &c.

A project, originating in the inventive talent of Mr. William Snooks, of Poplar, has been ventilated, and may tend to the facilitating the traffic of that busy vicinity.

When at that moment, horrible to relate—

The traveller who passed through the pleasant scenery of Bobbington on Wednesday last, and heard a merry peal burst from its ivy-mantled and heaven-directing spire, was informed that an heir to the house of Blobs had that day arrived to rejoice his parents and their well-wishers.

But from the comparatively unimportant nature of the injuries which the unfortunate individual has sustained, his intelligent medical attendant offers assurance that the results will not be permanent.

This youthful cantatrice interpreted the melody of the great German *maestro* in a manner which won her golden opinions from those who had the gratification of hearing her.

Mr. D. Bility in some degree failed to vindicate before a metropolitan audience the unqualified eulogies which have attended his provincial career.

Barry and his Ducks.—During the run of "Tom and Jerry," which was played in Dublin some fifty or more nights successively, Barry's originally white Russian duck trousers, which he continued to wear night after night, began to assume rather a dusky appearance, indicating their innocence of soap and water.

At last, when those long-enduring duck trousers made their appearance about the twentieth night, encasing Barry's legs as if they grew there, and were never to undergo a change ("sea change," fresh water or other,) one of Barry's persecutors cried out to him in the gallery, "Whist, Barry, you devil!"

"What do ye want, ye blackguard?" said Barry, nothing moved by a style of address with which he was perfectly familiar. "Wait till I whisper to you," said the voice. All the house was silent. "When did your ducks take the water last?" The audience roared with laughter for several minutes; and Barry, for the first time in his life, was beaten by the gallery.

Children are very sensitive to hunger, and often when we think that we are witnessing some fearful proof of the total depravity of human nature in a young child, we are only witnessing the natural expression of a desire for bread and milk.



OLD SCHOOL.

MR. GRAPES (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Madeira).—Yes, just as you say—water is very useful—for purposes of navigation, &c.—but this fluid was made expressly for drinking.  
By the way, how's your gout lately?

### ALL ABOUT THE INDIGO.

In a certain Scottish village, there was, long ago, a worthy man, who kept himself in good and honest repute, and in good and comfortable livelihood, by supplying the people of the neighborhood with most of the commodities which their simple mode of life required. He was, in short, the shopkeeper of the village. Now, among the wants of his customers there was one, which existed indeed on a very limited scale, but which still required to be supplied. It so happened that the good linen shirts of the worthy people, when washed with soap and water, and made as white as hard rubbing could make them, had invariably a yellowish tinge after they were dried on the green. It was ascertained that this evil was remedied, or rather prevented, by the mixture of a very minute quantity of indigo with the "grath." Thus it was that a little implement, shaped like a shuttlecock, composed of a little knot of indigo wrapped in a rag, and tied round the neck with a thread, became as essential a belonging to a well regulated household, as a kailpot or a frying pan. A very small quantity was necessary, but that quantity must be had, and, of course, it must be kept in stock in the universal store. On one occasion, finding his stock running low, the "merchant" indited and sent off by the carrier, to the wholesale house in Glasgow with which he dealt, a note, which ran somewhat thus:—"Please send too pon Indigo immediat. And remain, etc." Typograpy does not enable us to show precisely how the mistake originated, but the intelligent reader who has had occasion to see such documents will comprehend that it was not very wonderful that what was in the mind of the writer "two pounds" should have been to the eye of the reader "two tons." The Glasgow house, though greatly astonished at the magnitude of the order, intimated that they would send, from week to week, as much as the carrier could take of their own stock, which might be three or four tons; but that they had sent on the order to their correspondents in London, with instructions to lose no time in executing it. The worthy merchant was completely overpowered by this intelligence; and while he was meditating on the course of action that might be necessary in the astounding circumstances, he received another letter from the Glasgow house, enclosing a dispatch from the London firm, to the effect that the indigo was purchased "as per their esteemed favor," and ready for shipment; but that, since the purchase was effected, there had been a sudden rise in the price, and that the "parties" from whom they purchased were willing to forfeit £500 per ton if the sale were cancelled. The worthy shopkeeper now "rose to the occasion," and would not accept the terms offered. The result was that, after some negotiation, he received some £50,000 in hard cash, which, of course, he invested in land, and became the "forbear" of one of the richest families in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale.

Now there are, no doubt, various points in this story that will not bear criticism, and we are not going to stand up for its absolute accuracy. But there is a point in it which makes us think it not impossible that it had some foundation in fact. Why was indigo selected, if the story were altogether fictitious, in preference to a thousand other commodities which are to be found in village shops? In point of fact, indigo is the only substance whose fluctuations of price brings the story to the confines of possibility.

### EMBLEMATIC STONES.

JEWELS OF THE MONTH.

In Poland it is believed that each month of the year is under the influence of some precious stone, which influence is attached to the destiny of persons born during the course of the month. It is in consequence of custom among friends, and more particularly between lovers, to make, on birthdays, reciprocal presents, consisting of some jewel ornamented with the tutelary stone. It is generally believed that this prediction of happiness, or rather of the future destiny, will be realized according to the wishes expressed on the occasion.

January.—The stone of January is the Jacinth or Garnet, which denotes constancy and fidelity in any sort of engagement.

February.—The Amethyst, a preservative

against violent passions and an assurance of peace of mind and sincerity.

March.—The Bloodstone is the stone of courage and wisdom in perilous undertakings and firmness in affection.

April.—The Sapphire or Diamond is the stone of magnificence and kindness of disposition.

May.—The Emerald. This stone signifies happiness in love and domestic felicity.

June.—The Agate is the stone of long life, health and prosperity.

July.—The Ruby or Cornelian denotes forgetfulness and exemption from the vexations caused by friendship and love.

August.—The Sardonyx. The stone denotes conjugal felicity.

September.—The Chrysolite is the stone which preserves and cures madness and despair.

October.—The Aqua-Marine or Opal signifies distress and hope.

November.—The Topaz signifies fidelity and friendship.

December.—The Turquoise is the stone which expresses great sureness and prosperity in love and in all the circumstances of life.

SINGULAR FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE.—The average length of human life is about 28 years. One quarter die previous to the age of 7; one half before reaching 17. Only one of every 1,000 persons reaches 100 years. Only six of every 100 reaches the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age.

Of the whole population on the globe, it is estimated that 90,000 die every day; about 3,700 every hour, and 60 every minute, or 1 every second. These losses are more than counterbalanced by the number of births. The married are longer lived than the single. The average duration of life in all civilized countries is greater now than in any anterior period. Macaulay, the distinguished historian, states that in the year 1685—not an unhealthy year—the deaths in England were as one to 20, but in 1850, one to 40. Dupin, a well known French writer, states that the average duration of life in France from 1776 to 1843, increased 52 days annually. The rate of mortality in 1781 was one in 29, but in 1850, one in 40. The rich men live, on an average, 42 years, but the poor only 30 years.

—Free Nation.

The identical gun that Putnam shot the wolf with in Pomfret, Ct., has come into the possession of a Connecticut editor.

## Agricultural.

MOSS ON ROOFS.—There is a barn near our farm with a shingle roof fifty years old, and the shingles appear quite as bright, and in as good order, as most shingle roofs at the end of the first year. When built, it was coated with a lime wash, tinted with ochre, and fully charged with glue and salt. This formed an agreeable color, and lasted many years; the lime present entirely preventing the growth of moss, and also the development of acetic acid from any sappy portion of the shingles. About twenty years since it was re-coated, with the lime wash tinted with amber. This is now pretty generally removed, still leaving an even color to the roof, and to the shingles a surprising freshness of appearance.

We suppose that lime alone, put on as a whitewash, would have answered all these purposes, though not so agreeably to the eye, while the wash-tinted, to resemble the color of the shingle, can never be unsightly.

—Working Farmer.

COLD FRAMES FOR PLANTS.—A New Jersey market gardener writes to the Horticultural as follows:—"For raising our spring plants of cabbage, cauliflower, or lettuce, we use only cold frames; that is, frames on the surface of the ground, without any heating material. Have the ground finely pulverized, and sow rather thin. By one month from the time of sowing, we have fine, strong, hardy plants for planting in the open ground. Careful attention is necessary in giving abundance of air, and by covering up with straw mats at night, so as entirely to exclude frost. We have practised this plan for some years past, and find it cheaper, requiring less attention, and producing much better plants than those raised in hot-beds."

FEEDING BONE DUST TO COWS.—Your correspondent "Country," says his cows' toes grow too long. I have had sheep's toes do the same while stabled. Some time ago, a young farmer living some twenty miles from me, said that he had, at different times, in his barn, cows whose claws would grow too long, and occasionally one claw would grow around the end of the other claw, and that it was cured by feeding bone dust. He had fed as much as one tablespoonful each day to a cow in cut feed, with marked effect. He acknowledged it was full, strong feed. I generally feed one tablespoonful twice in a week to each cow, but do not know its effect. My reason for doing it is, that my neighborhood has pastured these 300 years, and little or no manure put on the ground, hence the soil is wanting in bone-making materials.—Country Gentlemen.

THE COTTON TREE.—The Working Farmer says:—"We regret to state that Mr. R. C. Kendall, so well known as identified with the Perennial Cotton, has recently proved to be entirely unreliable in his statements, and that we believe he has grossly imposed upon the press and the public. We will be happy to refund, to all who have purchased the Perennial Cotton Seed left with us for sale by Mr. Kendall, as we are now compelled to doubt its genuineness. Although we repudiate Mr. Kendall, and all his statements in regard to his success in cultivating the Perennial Cotton in the North, we are in possession of facts establishing the successful growth of Perennial Cotton in Chili and Peru, and will spare no pains or expense in testing the feasibility of its culture in the Northern states."

TO MAKE AN EVERGREEN GROW COMPACT.—If you have an evergreen, or Norway spruce, balsam fir, American spruce, or any of the pines, and desire to make it grow more compact, just pinch out the bud from every leading branch, all around and over it. Repeat this process again next year, at this time, and your evergreen will continue thereafter to grow thickly.—Indiana Farmer.

GOATS.—If a person has a tree or a plant which he values, he must not allow goats to run at large. They are exceedingly destructive to all kinds of herbage, and will surmount almost any obstacle to get at it.

## Useful Receipts.

WHEAT COFFEE.—During the week we have been drinking coffee made of wheat and coffee combined—one quarter pound of coffee mixed with two quarts of wheat. The wheat is boiled about twenty minutes in water, and placed in a pan and browned the same as coffee. So far, we prefer it to the genuine article, and it certainly is more healthy. With a pound of coffee and eight quarts of wheat, which cost from three to four cents a quart, this beverage is produced so cheap, that it makes up all the difference in the advance in price of both tea and coffee. Try it.—Buckner's Journal.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—If any one of the readers of the Farmer are fond of buckwheat griddle cakes, and like them all the better when light and crispy, let them use about one-fourth part of oatmeal in making them, serve them hot, from an uncovered dish, and in the winter on warm plates. My word for it, they will decide that these hints are good ones.

The oatmeal makes the cakes lighter, healthier, and improves their flavor; and the uncovered dish prevents them from becoming sodden by steaming. The best of all griddles to cook them upon are those made of soapstone. They require less care in cooking, and not more than half as much lard as the common iron griddles. My family have breakfasted on buckwheat and oatmeal cakes for the past eighteen months, without regard to the season; and, although personally a chronic dyspeptic, I find them easy of digestion, and every way satisfactory. My family of five persons consume less than ten pounds of meal per week, at an average cost of less than three cents per pound, or less than one cent per breakfast for each person. When served as above directed, with good butter and syrup added, I doubt if a cheaper or better breakfast can be placed on a workman's table.

HOME-MADE BAROMETERS.—The following is a way of making "a reliable barometer to indicate atmospheric changes."—Take two sheets of pasteboard paper, of any convenient size, say three feet long by two feet wide. Bring the ends together, and glue or paste them tight, each sheet by itself; and they will look like two pieces of paper stove pipe. Cut this, round boards exactly to fit in the ends of these paper cylinders. Carefully glue or nail them tight. Now you have two air-tight paper drums with wooden heads. Take a pole of any length you desire—three feet or twelve feet—let one drum be fastened to each end of the pole. Now balance this pole with the drums on each end, on nice pivots, in the middle. Then bore a gimlet through the end of one drum, and you have a good farmer's barometer. One drum is air-tight. One has a hole in it, so there will be more or less air in one drum than there is in the other, according as the surrounding air is dense or rarified. Consequently, in dense or heavy air, the tight drum rises, while the one with the pin-hole in it goes down. Crosswise through the middle of the bar, or pole, should run a stick as large as one's finger, a foot long, with wire gudgeons, on which the instrument should vibrate or teeter. Let the ends of the pole be slightly lower than the middle, that the whole do not make a somewhat: smear all with glue or oil, so that the air enters only in the puncture mentioned. Have something you can slide through the bar to keep it nearly level. Mark, if you please, figures along the pole to show how far you have moved the balancing pole, though for this there is but little need. This instrument may not be so perfect as a costly barometer; but for all practical purposes it is all one could ask.

## The Riddler.

### NATURAL-HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 3, 6, 4, is the smallest bird of the duck kind distinguished.

My 2, 11, 16, 20, 25, 23, 11, 14, is the name of the sucking-fish.

My 7, 10, 13, 24, 30, is the name of the net used in the pichard fishery, on the coast of Cornwall.

My 8, 17, 10, 15, is a part of the animal body.

My 9, 10, 22, 11, is the largest monkey of the saquin kind.

My 12, 6, 26, 30, is the tallest dog bred in England.

My 18, 19, 6, 11, 4, is a bird of passage.

My 24, 6, 28, 23, are the minute particles of rocky substances.

My 25, 27, 30, 1, 2, are parts of the body which derive their formation from the nerve.

My 31, 3, 7, 25, 6, 28, is one of the three distinctions of the muskrat.

My whole is an old maxim. GAHMMEW.

### BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 48 letters.

My 30, 22, 39, 33, 37, is a people who pre- val with God.

My 4, 10, 40, 37, 42, is one of God's disciples.

My 45, 17, 14, 28, 33, 30, 9, is a book of the Bible.

My 4, 33, 38, 38, 30, 9, 21, 3, 35, were considered a religious people.

My 30, 9, 33, 30, 18, 12, was a prophet.

My 31, 48, 7, 8, 23, is one who was called by God for his church's sake.

My 34, 18, 4, 2, 11, 33, 47, 30, is one of the sons of Israel.

My 44, 16, 30, 10, 47, signifies the fire of God.

My 14, 33, 1, 41, 18, 34, was a prophet.

My 34, 18, 27, 33, 23, 46, was a great King.

My 2, 37, 23, 16, 6, 14, is the place where David met the anials to secure to him Saul's kingdom.

My 42, 34, 19, 13, was one who to Boaz was kinsman.

My 9, 5, 36, 21, 42, was a parable Jesus spake to the multitude.

My 25, 43, 23, 30, 18, 35, signifies the goodness of God.

My 15, 6, 23, 30, 26, is a book in the Old Testament.

My whole is a Bible proverb. SAMUEL LAIRD.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first was a goddess of ancient heathen mythology, and is frequently mentioned by poets and writers of the present age.

My second is an affliction under which may be embraced "all the ills that flesh is heir to."

My whole can charm us in our saddest hours. Tonic, II.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in sea but not in land.

My 2nd is in coral but not in sand.

My 3rd is in heat but not in blaze.

My 4th is in look but not in gaze.

My 5th is in fork but not in knife.

My 6th is in flute but not in fife.

My 7th is in hail but not in rain.

My 8th is in road but not in lane.

My 9th is in house but not in home.

My 10th is in steple but not in dome.

My 11th is in elide but not in roll.

Many boys often discard my whole. Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two persons buy 100 yards of muslin for \$6.

Each paying \$3. When they come to divide it they find that one end is damaged, and agree that the one that takes the damaged end, shall have it at 5¢ per yard less than the other, but both must take it out in muslin. How many yards each have? REUBEN BARTO.

Elwood, Schaght Kill Co., N. Y.

### DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find (if possible) four integral square numbers whose sum shall be a square number; the sum of every three of them a square number; and the sum of every two of them a square number. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

### CONUNDRUMS.

1st.—Why were the rebel commissioners, Mason and Slidell, like Daniel in the Scripture?

Ans.—Because they were given up to Lyons, (Lions), and the Lyons month was shut.

2d.—What belongs to yourself, and is used by everybody more than yourself? Ans.—Your